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IN THE TRACK OF A TORNADO: A TYPICAL TERROR OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

DRAWING, BASED ON PHOTOGRAPHS OF A FORMER TORNADO, BY H. W. KOEKOEK.

A tornado travelling at the rate of seventy-seven miles an hour struck the town of Meridian, Mississippi, on March 2. In two minutes it had wrecked thirty buildings and demolished the electric-lighting plant. Twenty white people and more than a hundred negroes were killed, and damage to property was done to the extent of £200,000.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE South African freak-dinner was not very impressive, nor are the majority of freak-dinners. They seem designed to show the extreme lack of imagination which marks the rich. For there cannot be anything less imaginative than mere unreason. Imagination is a thing of clear images, and the more a thing becomes vague the less imaginative it is. Similarly, the more a thing becomes wild and lawless the less imaginative it is. To cook a cutlet in a really new way would be an act of imagination. But there is nothing imaginative about eating a cutlet at the end of a string, or eating it at the top of a tree, or catching it in one's mouth, or consuming it while standing on one leg. Nonsense of this sort is not imaginative for the simple reason that it is infinite. An American millionaire gave a freak-dinner, if I remember right, in which the guests had to eat and drink sitting on horses. It is not humorous, it is not exciting, it is not beautiful, it is not even fancifully suggestive; it is simply unusual that guests should eat their dinner sitting on horses. It would be still more unusual if they sat on camels. It would be yet more odd if they sat on whales. It would be odder still if the whales sat on them; and I think, upon the whole, that that would be the most satisfactory termination to the entertainment.

Unreason of this sort is, as I say, infinite, and entirely without any imaginative quality. Imagination is never infinite, because no image can be infinite; the image of the god cannot have an infinite nose. Real nonsense, literary nonsense, is quite as much as any other form of imagination a thing of clear shapes. In Tenniel's exact and appropriate drawings to "Alice in Wonderland," the Mock Turtle is treated with all the clear and careful detail of a naturalist. In good nonsense, as much as in any other kind of art, there are nine hundred and ninety-nine things that are wrong and only one thing that is right. It is as hard really to touch the nerve of nonsense as to touch the nerve of first love or the nerve of fear in literature. There is one thing that is, as Mr. W. S. Gilbert said, precious nonsense, and all other kinds are useless nonsense. All the freak-dinners that I have ever heard of are useless nonsense.

The South African affair was certainly no exception to such a generalisation. I need not give in detail the things that these people did; they were described in most of the newspapers with an amplitude very much in advance of their deserts. They had the meal in a tent which was supposed to bear some shadowy resemblance to a South African tent. They scattered sand and pick-axes all over the floor. They had pieces of bread cut in the shape of diamonds. They printed the menu in the colour of sand; it must have been extremely difficult to read, nor was it particularly worth reading. There is a certain element in life which may be called the antithesis of art. It is not ugliness, because ugliness has a specific aesthetic shape and sometimes a kind of inverted and grotesque beauty. The only name for it is shapelessness. It is the connecting of things together that have no relation with each other at all, not even a fantastic relation. The things do not accord with each other; they do not even contrast with each other. Their conjunction does not please, and it does not even startle. It merely leaves everything a lump of futility. We sometimes have this sense of an utterly dreary disproportion, an utterly commonplace irrelevancy, in a certain kind of heavy and half-witted dream. We have all experienced that disgusting thing, the nightmare that does not even frighten, but simply tires the mind with unmeaning sights and featureless landscapes and unmeaning words. We see a man taking off his boots and saying, "I must be getting back to my wall-papers." We see twenty horses walking down a street and the tenth is repeating some string of words about some other subject. The dreams are not fanciful, they are not even ugly; they are merely shapeless and nothing else. This horrible negative clumsiness of mind, if you ever come in contact with it, is one of the most unbearable of the visions of evil. I have had many such dreams of a blank and fatuous and irritating arrangement, or disarrangement, of things. But I do not think that I ever had so stupid a dream as a dream of a floor scattered all over with pickaxes, or of pieces of bread cut in the shape of diamonds.

No doubt these rich men enjoyed pretending to be savages. But I do not see why they need have pretended. All very rich men tend towards being savages, especially rich men of this particular type. Wealth has a distinctly barbarising tendency. Solitude, for instance, is one of the deepest desires and instincts of the rich man. It is also one of the desires and instincts of the savage. The Englishman who travels to Scotland first class in order to have "a carriage to himself all the way," may be a very nice fellow, but no one can describe him as a civilised man. He is yielding to the savage shyness, the skulking isolation, of an Ojibway. The same man has always a terror lest strangers should speak to him; a thing which is the mark of undeveloped

and illiterate tribesmen all over the world. Anyone who compares a third-class carriage full of navvies with a first-class carriage full of oligarchs will at once realise that the primary difference consists simply in the fact that the third-class carriage is more civilised than the first-class carriage; that is to say, it is more social, more of a community. If you emptied that third-class carriage into a field, its occupants could make a picnic. If you carried that third-class carriage through the air to a desert island, its occupants could make a nation. They are used to talking with each other as equals, dealing with each other, fighting with each other, and all the other relations essential to a healthy commonwealth. They know how to deal with those of their company who constitute a temporary problem. They know how to sustain and soothe the moderately drunk, how to rebuke the needlessly and inartistically drunk. But when the bodies of six rich men sit side by side, their souls do not sit side by side at all. Each of their souls is walking like a savage hunter in the silence of ancestral forests. For, when all is said and done, the great practical object of being a rich man is to get out of the commonwealth altogether. It is to get to a position where the rules made for the common good scarcely touch a man at all. The rich man is he who can ride on his own roads, pick wild flowers in his own fields, teach his children by his own methods. The rules of the road, the preservation of public places, the educational Acts of Parliament, do not touch him. He is outside the real community. The moment he has got into Society he has really got out of society. Gentlemen do tend to be, as Matthew Arnold said, barbarians. But we must not go off on to a digression about gentlemen. Let us get back to the subject of South African millionaires.

I cannot quite follow all the jokes of this dinner. One of the airy touches of humour displayed was "a portable washing-stand painted bright red, and displaying the inscription, 'Please wash your hands before sitting down to eat.'" I don't know what was the profound joke suggested in this request. It is surely reasonable and advisable for a man to wash his hands before mixing in such choice society. It is even more advisable for him to wash his hands afterwards. A Mr. R. Nobile (whose name but faintly conveys the elevation and magnanimity of his character) was the assistant-manager, and chained a huge boarhound at the entrance as the guests came in. Nor do I understand this. If he had unchained the boarhound as the guests came in, I could have understood it. I also learn from the report that "the waiters had their faces blackened, and were dressed to represent Kaffirs." This is curious. I did not know that Kaffirs owed their striking appearance to an excess or abundance of dress. Some other people in the affair were, I think, dressed up as Boers. I do not know whether anybody there was dressed up as an Englishman.

Mr. H. G. Wells, I see, is said to be reviving the Fabian Society, if it was in any way in need of a revival. He has vast and suggestive schemes of Municipalising and Nationalising the things which are the causes of our political and social quarrels. Without going into these great and rather battered questions, one may remark that Mr. Wells's influence upon the Fabian Society ought to be very good, for the simple reason that he is an artist. The curse of all these discussions is that they always attempt to settle what is, after all, simply a problem in human happiness, as if it were a problem in figures or in parallel straight lines, things which can be extended to any degree in any given direction. One kind of lunatic comes to me and says, "You admit that umbrellas which keep off the weather ought to be private property. Why, therefore, should not the trams and St. Paul's Cathedral (which also keeps off the weather) be private property?" Another kind of lunatic comes to me and says, "You admit that the community ought to share the same trams; why then should not the community share the same umbrella?" What can I answer except the obvious truth that some things feel Municipal and some things don't? And when I say that, he says I am a poet. And so I am.

I came across a curious instance of this distinction, or rather the blindness to this distinction, the other day. Some philanthropic society for the founding of colonies or communities sent me a prospectus giving an account of their experiences and adventures during the last year. One fact which they had to record they recorded with mournful surprise. They said that while the community had unanimously adopted the idea of a communal laundry, all the women in the community had flatly refused to have a communal kitchen. The committee seemed to find this difference strange: to me it seems most reasonable. There is only one way of washing a shirt: at least there is only one right way. Quite properly, therefore, it can be done by a common machine. But cooking is an art; it is an individual thing. Therefore, cooks wish to be as free as sculptors. Cooking is creative. Washing is not: you are lucky when it is not destructive.

A PILGRIMAGE OF PEACE.

AT a moment when the political barometer indicates stormy weather, and the thrill of nervousness that comes to all people who have responsibilities is indicated by the shrinkage of international securities, a large measure of consolation will be brought to countless anxious citizens by the departure to the troubled Continent of King Edward the Peacemaker. While the royal journey to Biarritz by way of Paris may savour of holiday-making to the unthinking, it is not unreasonable to suggest that no great European ruler takes holiday in the sense by which the term is known to his subjects. He may change the venue of his work and may elect to labour in parts of the world where the natural surroundings are most attractive, but his responsibilities increase with his subjects' interests, and the ruler of a great Empire has more interests to conserve than any other living man save his brother Sovereigns. King Edward's progress to the delightful seaport of the Basses Pyrénées must needs be accompanied by political developments of the first importance, and when he turns from looking out over the Bay of Biscay to a consideration of the Continent on which his influence makes so large a mark, he may well find some resemblance between the storm-tossed March waters of the famous bay and the equally stormy waters of European politics, coupled, perhaps, with the hope that April will hold equal favours for sea and land.

It would be idle to deny, and foolish to forget, that the Continent just now is shaken by troubles of more than ordinary severity. While it is but seldom that one can point to a perfectly serene political atmosphere between the countries that separate Lisbon from Astrakhan, we have seldom to face so many disturbances that make for political instability in the intervening territories. France and Germany are living on a war-footing, the tension between the two could hardly be more severe than it is. Further East the Dual Empire is divided against itself, and the personal magnetism of Kaiser Franz Josef, that has availed to hold Austria and Hungary together, seems to be failing of its old effect. The wildest stories are afloat, the most excitable politicians and patriots have taken charge of a situation that might well fill more sober statesmen with dismay, and people whose self-restraint was never strongly marked seem to have cast prudence to the winds. In the Balkans the old story of outrage is as true as ever. Macedonia continues to suffer from the fierce tribesmen who make a fighting-ground of the vilayets, Bulgaria and Turkey are more anxious than ever to submit their differences to the tribunal of the stricken field, and the great Pan-Islamic movement, felt as far as Sokoto, has encouraged the Padishah to forget the natural weakness of his position in Egypt.

Just now we hear little of the internal affairs of the Holy Russian Empire, but the little that reaches us is far from reassuring. Such law and order as obtain throughout the Tsar's vast realm are founded upon ample exercise of brute force; and if the methods of repression employed by the bureaucracy excite less comment than they did a few months since, the cause is not far to seek. Russia at this moment is threatened with national bankruptcy. The great financiers of Europe will not respond to St. Petersburg's urgent applications for further loans until the Empire can show a clean bill of health; and in order to present one as quickly as possible a campaign is being waged with ruthless severity against all the upholders of Liberal principles. In her present enfeebled condition Russia is quite unable to come to the assistance of France should the Conference at Algeciras result ultimately in an appeal to arms, and consequently the friends of freedom in France are reduced to silence, and the great tragedy of repression is enacted throughout the length and breadth of the Tsar's domains without any attempt at interference by the friends of the suffering Liberals.

Even this survey of political conditions, brief and incomplete as it must necessarily be, may serve to suggest some of the questions with which King Edward will deal while he is out of England. We might even add to them those smaller, but not insignificant matters associated with the accession of a Princess of our Royal House to the throne of Spain, and her consequent conversion to a faith that is not always regarded with equanimity by a large section of the British public.

By the side of the danger in Western Europe, the danger of conflict between Germany and France, all the other troubles that beset the Continent seem to lose the greater part of their significance, and become local in their largest aspect, and we may rest assured that King Edward's greatest task on the Continent will lie in the direction of a peaceful solution of the great problem for which the Anglo-French *entente* is more or less directly responsible. The Conference at Algeciras has hitherto disappointed the few who looked to it for a solution of the troubles that have arisen since M. Delcassé retired from the Quai d'Orsay into private life.

We cannot forget, and shall indeed do well to remember, that there have been times in the past decade when the relations between Great Britain and France were hardly less strained than those between France and Germany to-day. The tact and perseverance of the Royal Peacemaker served both countries then, and justify us in the hope that history will repeat itself; for it is idle to deny that the passing of peace from Europe at this moment would lead to universal war, since every country has a grievance, and is all too well supplied with material for destruction. In the days when the last century was drawing to a close, the balance of power in Europe, so jealously preserved and even fought for, was derided by those who sought for equal rights for all nations. We see now that diplomacy was justified of its sacrifices, even of its harshness; for it is to the weakening of Russia and the passing of her influence that the present crisis in Europe is due.

PARLIAMENT.

THE wheel of legislation during the past week in the House of Commons has been pushed largely by Labour. Thus a quarter of the speeches made on Thursday and Friday were by members of the new group. Mr. Edmund Robertson explained the Navy Estimates, which he said the Government had accepted practically as they came from their predecessors. Alterations are to be made in Portsmouth dockyards to suit the new types of cruisers and battle-ships. He virtually accepted an amendment proposed by Mr. Jenkins (Labour, Chatham) for securing the trade-union rate of wages in Government dockyards and the right of negotiation between the workers' representatives and the Admiralty. Mr. W. T. Wilson (Labour, West Houghton) moved the second reading of the Education (Provision of Meals) Bill, which aims at enabling the local education authority to provide meals for hungry children and to recover the cost from the parent or guardian. Sir William Anson, while admitting that the necessity for providing meals was proved, criticised and despised of the Bill. Mr. Augustine Birrell, who maintained that man was born of woman, and not of the Local Government Board, advised that the Bill be referred to a Select Committee, so that its meaning might be made clearer to his Majesty's Judges. This was done, and Mr. John Burns promised that the Government would try to pass the Bill this Session.

The second reading of the Franchise and Woman's Disabilities Bill, moved by Sir Charles Dilke, was, as usual, talked out.

In a discussion and attack on the working of the Aliens Act, Sir Joseph Leese (L., Accrington) stated that when recently returning from the Continent he was asked by some official with a foreign accent whether he was an Englishman. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (Labour, Leicester) said that the working-classes would rather maintain political refugees at their own expense than close to them the traditional British doors. The Home Secretary, while agreeing that the Act should be made more elastic, and promising to investigate charges against officials, reminded the House that his powers were limited, and that through the Act the country had already got rid of many notorious pests. The Press in future will be admitted to the Immigration Board proceedings. In reply to criticisms on the Consular reports, Sir Edward Grey thought that these had vastly improved in recent years. On the Post Office Commission question, Labour voted with the Opposition.

In the House of Lords the Second Reading of the Prevention of Corruption Bill, moved by the Earl of Halsbury, was supported by Lord Avebury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chancellor.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

OUR Supplement this week is of very wide and varied interest, ranging in subject from East to West. Pictures of the Prince's most recent halting-places in India commemorate his Royal Highness's visit to Bettiah, Aligarh, and the seat of Government of our great Dependency during the hot weather. The double-page contains equestrian portraits of all the most famous living Masters of the Hounds, and is, in fact, a Meet of Masters. Lastly, there is a Pictorial Court Circular, illustrating the King's visit to Paris, the marriage of Prince Eitel Fritz, and King Alfonso's quite boyish enjoyment of the Madrid Carnival.

PRINCESS ENA'S CONVERSION.

KING ALFONSO and Queen Maria Christina arrived at San Sebastian on the morning of March 5 and drove to Miramar. The King at once ordered his 40-horse-power motor, and went on to Hendaye and rejoined the Sud Express in order to meet the train bringing Princess Ena. On March 7 the Princess's conversion took place in the chapel at Miramar. On the previous evening she had made her examination of conscience under the direction of the Bishop of Nottingham. The first part of the conversion ceremony was the general confession, which was followed by the abjuration made in the English form used by all English catechumens on entering the Roman Catholic Church. The Princess then made her confession of faith, and the Bishop who received her confession gave her absolution. The next ceremony was baptism, *sub conditione*, with the Queen Mother as sponsor. Mass was then celebrated, the Princess received Holy Communion, and with the rite of Confirmation the ceremony ended.

AT ALGECIRAS.

AFTER endless delay and much communication between the various Foreign Offices of Europe, the Powers seem to have come to the conclusion that they are sacrificing both time and dignity by allowing the Conference at Algeciras to drag along without a definite attempt to face the vital questions. This, at least, is a reasonable complexion to put upon the action of Sir Arthur Nicolson, our Envoy to the Conference, in deliberately bringing forward the vexed question of police control. Germany, aided on this occasion by the representative of Austria and reinforced in feeble fashion by the representatives of Morocco, opposed the prompt handling of the delicate subject, but was outvoted, and as we go to press the delegates are entering upon the crisis that has been avoided so long. The German attitude, so far as we can estimate it by the published utterances of Herr von Radowitz, is not encouraging, for while the Kaiser's representative demands recognition of the rights of all the European Powers, and the maintenance of the Sultan's authority, he does not seem disposed to admit that France has any special rights beyond the nebulous Algerian border-line. Into the rights of this contention we have no desire to go. It is clear that France, with the Anglo-French *entente* and the Dual Alliance at her back,

to say nothing of the support of Spain and Italy, is not prepared to concede the point raised or emphasised by her eastern neighbour. To make matters worse, the element in Germany that makes for unrest and seeks to stir the Kaiser to dramatic action is indulging in language that must be deemed provocative and ill-timed, and unless Germany's standpoint changes, there can be no satisfactory ending to the Conference. Should the meeting break up or be adjourned *sine die*, we do not think for a moment that an open rupture between France and Germany will result. It is more likely that the centre of the political activity will be transferred to Fez, or, if the latest reports about the Sultan's movements be correct, to Marrakesh.

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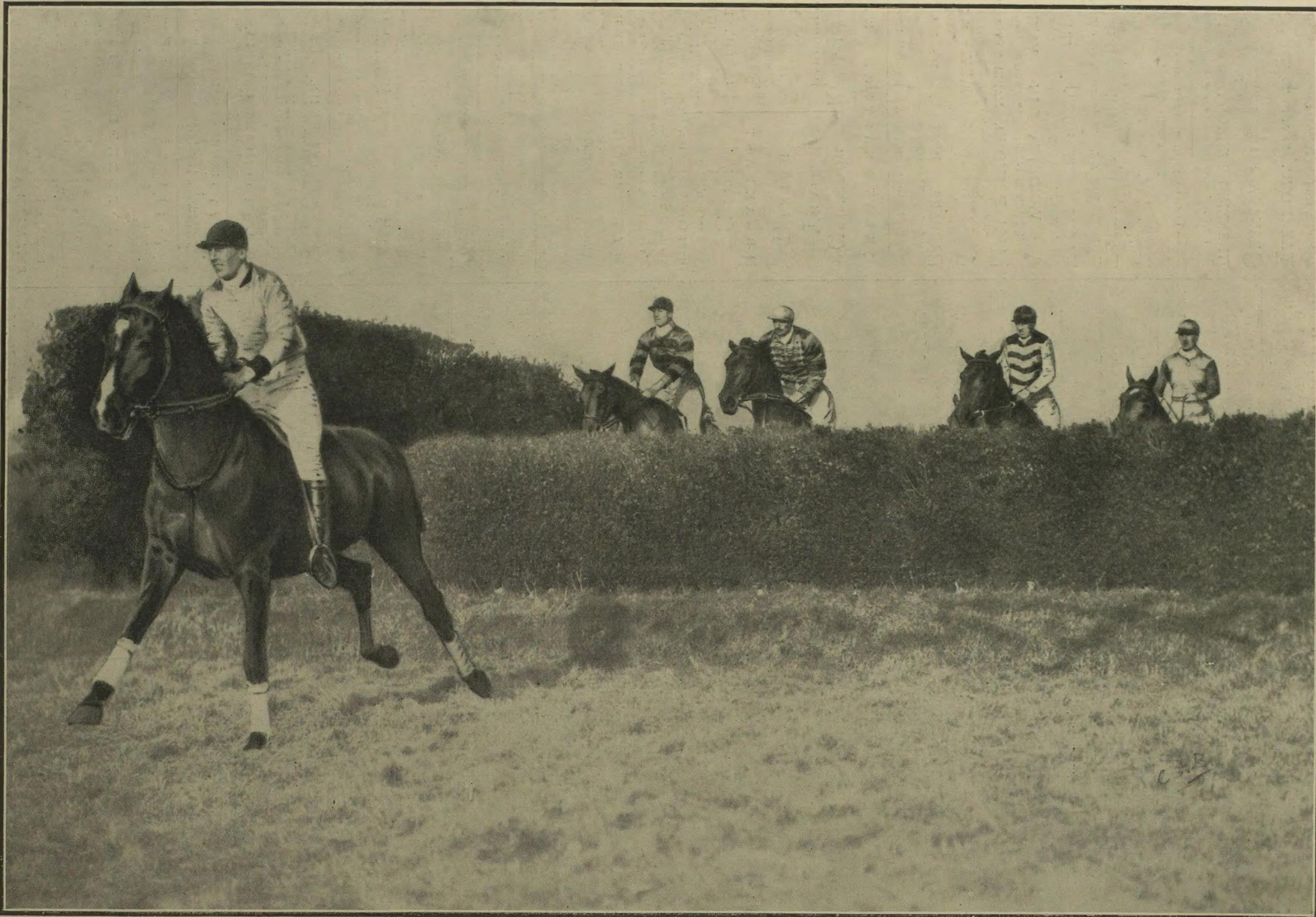
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The grand military steeplechase of 200 sovereigns was run on March 3 at Sandown Park. The course was two miles and a half. Mr. C. Bewicke's "Ticket of Leave," ridden by Mr. A. Fitzgerald, was the winner. The runners-up were Sir Bruce Hamilton's "Olive," ridden by Captain Staepoole, and Captain L. S. Denny's "Matchboard," ridden by the owner.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE EITEL FRITZ ON HIS FATHER'S SILVER-WEDDING DAY.

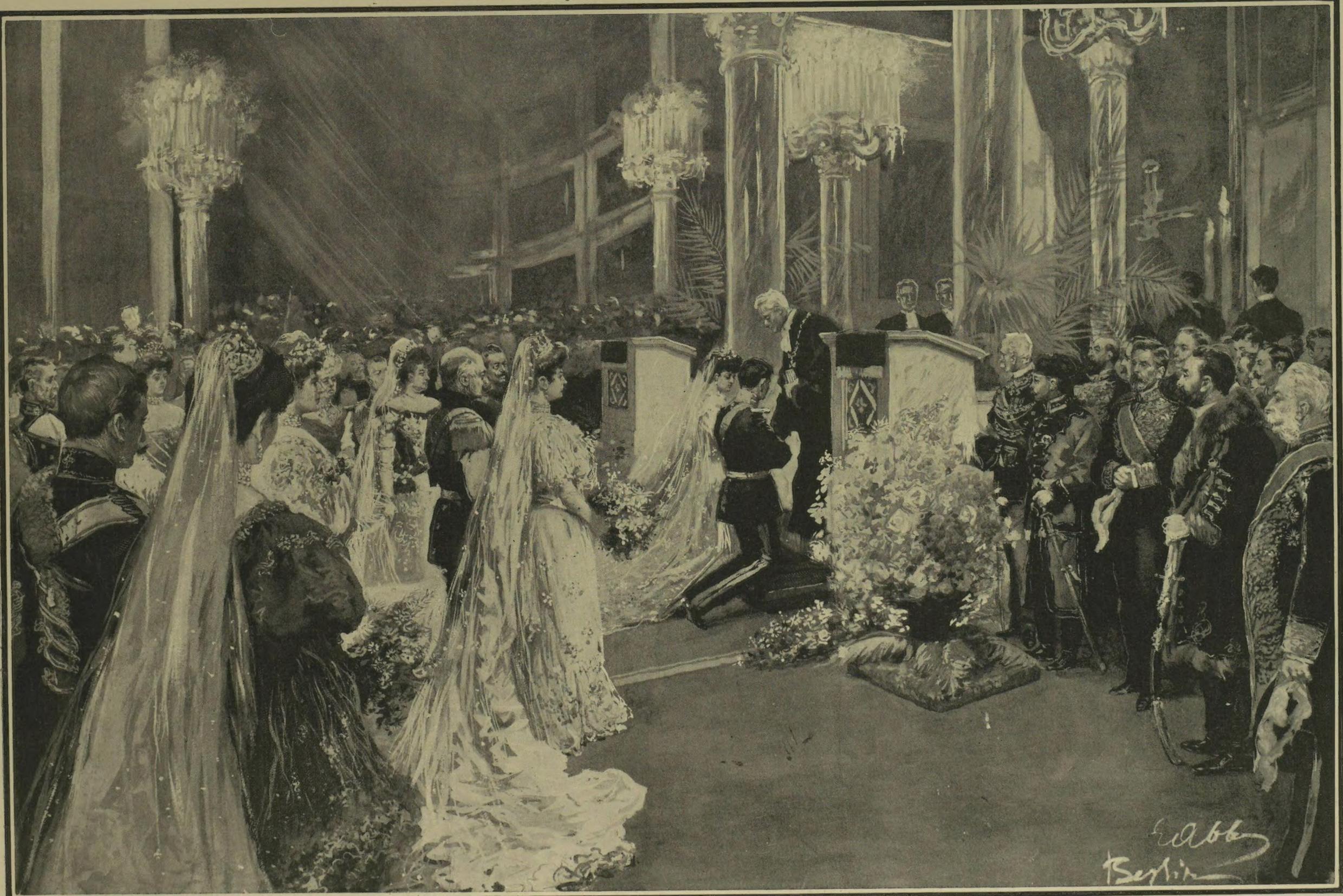
DRAWN BY E. ABBO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.

Duchess of
Oldenburg.

Crown
Prince. Empress.

Emperor.

Dr. Dryander.



Duke of
Oldenburg. Princess Frederick
of Prussia.

Duchess Sophie.
Prince Eitel Fritz

Diplomatic Corps.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CASTLE CHAPEL IN BERLIN.

The civil marriage was celebrated in the Elector's Chamber by Herr von Wedel, Prussian Minister of the Royal Household; and then Prince Eitel Fritz led his bride to the chapel, where the religious ceremony was performed by Dr. Dryander, the Court Chaplain. After the service the Emperor kissed the bride and embraced his son, and the procession returned to the Castle for the wedding reception.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The King's Holiday. The King left London on the 2nd and travelled incognito as the Duke of Lancaster to Paris, where he was the guest of our Ambassador. On Sunday morning his Majesty, wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honour, attended service at the Embassy Church, and was cheered by his friends the Parisians as he went and came. During the afternoon the King made an informal call on M. Fallières at the Elysée, and remained for some time in private conversation with the President. In the evening the King gave a dinner-party at the Embassy in honour of the President and Madame Fallières. M. and Madame Rouvier were also among the guests. On Monday his Majesty paid a great many visits to old friends in Paris, and went for a motor drive in the Bois, where he took the steering-wheel himself. He stopped near the boat-house on the lake shore, and joined the children who were feeding the water-fowl. His Majesty bought penny rolls at the kiosque, and gave them to his small friends, who had not the least idea who their playmate was. In the evening the King entered



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. HORNIMAN.
Tea-Merchant and Traveller.



Photo. Russell.
CAPTAIN SAWLE.
New Naval A.D.C. to the King.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE GENERAL
SIR WILLIAM GATACRE.

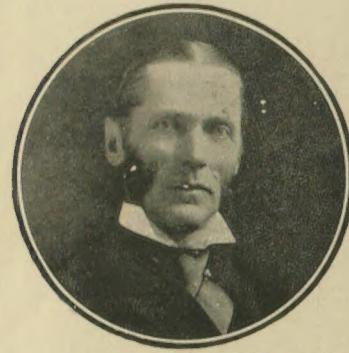


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD SHUTTLEWORTH,
President, Canal Commission.

tained at dinner M. and Madame Loubet and the Marquis de Gallifet. On Tuesday the King left for Biarritz.

Portraits. The new Astronomer Royal of Ireland, Mr. E. T. Whittaker, is but thirty-two, but he has had an academic career that many an older man might envy. He was born in Lancashire, went to Manchester Grammar School, and then to



Photo. Whiteley.
MR. E. T. WHITTAKE,
New Astronomer Royal
for Ireland.

and Lecturer. Next he became Secretary to the Royal Astronomical Society, and last year he got his F.R.S. His books on mathematical subjects are widely known and appreciated here and on the Continent.

Brigadier-General Eric John Eagles Swayne, who is to leave the Commissionership of the Somaliland Protectorate to become Governor of British Honduras in succession to Sir Ernest Bickham Sweet-Escott, entered the Army in 1883, and has seen active service in Burmah, Uganda and Jubaland, and Somaliland. He is a son of the late Rev. G. C. Swayne, and was born in May 1863.

The Right Rev. Robert Brindle, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham since 1901, who instructed Princess Ena for her conversion, was one of the most famous of Army chaplains. He had the D.S.O. conferred upon him for his services in Egypt and the Soudan, where he was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. He holds many medals and clasps, and was often mentioned in despatches. He was formerly Bishop Auxiliary to Cardinal Vaughan.

Lord Shuttleworth, the President of the Waterways Commission, has held numerous official positions, including those of member of the London School Board, Under-Secretary at the India Office, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Secretary to the Admiralty, and M.P. for Hastings and the Clitheroe Division. He was created Baron in 1902. For the rest, he plays cricket, shoots, and cycles, owns 4200 acres, and has published "The First Principles of Modern Chemistry."

Dr. James Franck Bright is retiring from the Mastership of University College, Oxford, which he has held since 1881. He was born in London in

master-General in Simla under Lord Roberts. His active service included the Hazara Expedition, the Tonkin Expedition, the Chitral Relief Force, the advance on and battle of Atbara, the advance on Khartoum, and the South African War. In every case he served with distinction, but in South Africa ill-fortune followed him—the 3rd Division was the greatest sufferer in the first troubles caused by the situation in Natal. His well-schemed attack on the Boer position at Stormberg Junction was a failure, the Reddersburg disaster was attributed to him, and, eventually, he was relieved of his command—a singularly trying set of circumstances for a soldier whose bravery and ability were without question. At various times Sir William held, in addition to those already mentioned, the positions of Adjutant-General of the Bombay Army, and Brigadier-General in command of a Bombay district.

Alderman Evan Spicer, who has been selected by the Progressive party as the next Chairman of the L.C.C., is a member of the great firm of stationers and paper-makers. On the County Council he has acted in many capacities and has done admirable work as chairman of the Finance Committee for the last three years. He has also been a distinguished trea-

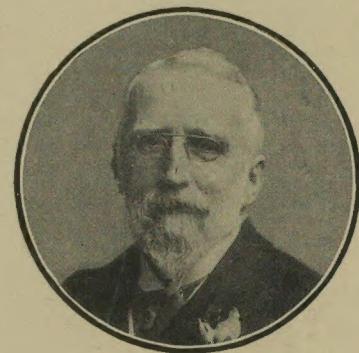


Photo. Haines.
MR. EVAN SPICER,
Proposed Chairman, London County
Council.

surer of the National Council of Free Churches.

Mr. Thomas Gilbert Carver, the new County Court Judge, was born in Gibraltar in 1848, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn thirty-three years ago, and took silk in 1897. He first joined the Northern Circuit, then practised in Liverpool until 1890, and next came to London. He is the author of a work dealing with the law relating to the carriage of goods by sea.

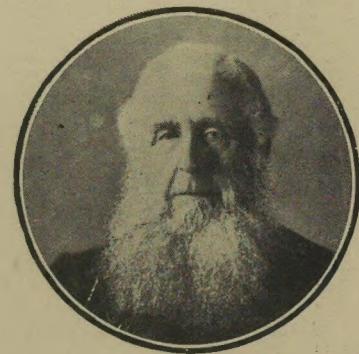


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
DR. J. F. BRIGHT,
Resigning the Mastership of University
College, Oxford.

The new Naval A.D.C. to the King, Commander Sir Charles John Graves-Sawle, fourth Baronet, entered the Navy in 1865, and served in Egypt in 1882 and against the Sofas in 1894. He married Constance Mary, daughter of Major General C. F. T. Daniell, and succeeded his brother in 1903.

Major C. E. Palmer, R.A., of the West African Field Force, who has been gazetted D.S.O., received the coveted decoration for services rendered while he was in command of the Kissi Field Force, Liberia.

Mr. Frederick John Horniman, who died on March 5, in his seventy-first year, was the son of that well-known Quaker and tea-merchant, John Horniman, who made a magnificent fortune by retailing tea in airtight packets, and, like his father, devoted both time and wealth to charitable objects. A great traveller, both for business and pleasure, Mr. Horniman gathered together an admirable collection of curios, and this is housed at Forest Hill in the museum that bears his name. His private benefactions were also large. Mr. Horniman, who was a Liberal, sat in two Parliaments, representing Penrhyn and Falmouth Boroughs in one. He did not seek re-election in January last.



MURDERED MISSIONARIES: MR. AND MRS. KINGHAM AND THEIR TWO CHILDREN.
PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THEIR GARDEN AT NANCHANG.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingham were murdered at Nanchang on February 25, during a Chinese rising. Mrs. Kingham, before her marriage, was Miss Octavia Pownall, daughter of the late Very Rev. J. P. Pownall, Dean of Perth, Western Australia, and afterwards Vicar of St. John's, Hoxton. The death of the eldest child is also reported.

Trinity College, Cambridge. There he was bracketed Second Wrangler, and was first Smith's Prizeman, with the result that he was elected a Fellow in 1832, the son of Richard Bright, M.D. He was educated at Rugby and at University College, Oxford. For sixteen years he was head of the Modern Department at Marlborough, and in 1872 he returned to Oxford as History Tutor in Balliol, New College, and University. In 1874 he became Fellow and Dean of University College, and in 1878 Honorary Fellow of Balliol. His chief work is a history of England to 1900.

Major-General Sir William Gatacre, whose death is reported from Gambela, in the Upper Soudan, was born in December 1843, joined the 77th Foot (now the 2nd Battalion Middlesex Regiment), and had a comparatively uneventful military career for some little time. After

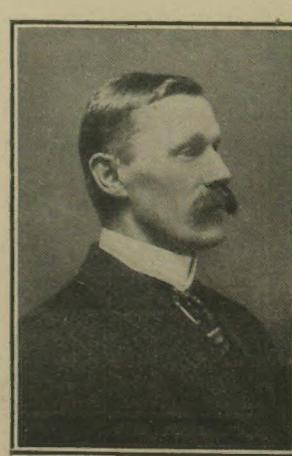


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
GENERAL E. J. E. SWAYNE,
New Governor, British Honduras.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
BISHOP BRINDLE,
Princess Ena's Instructor.

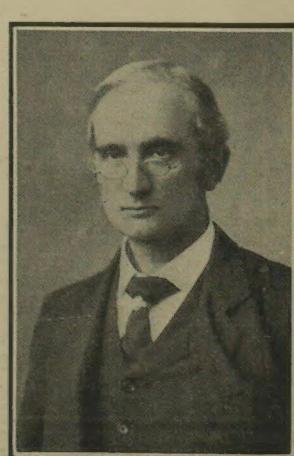
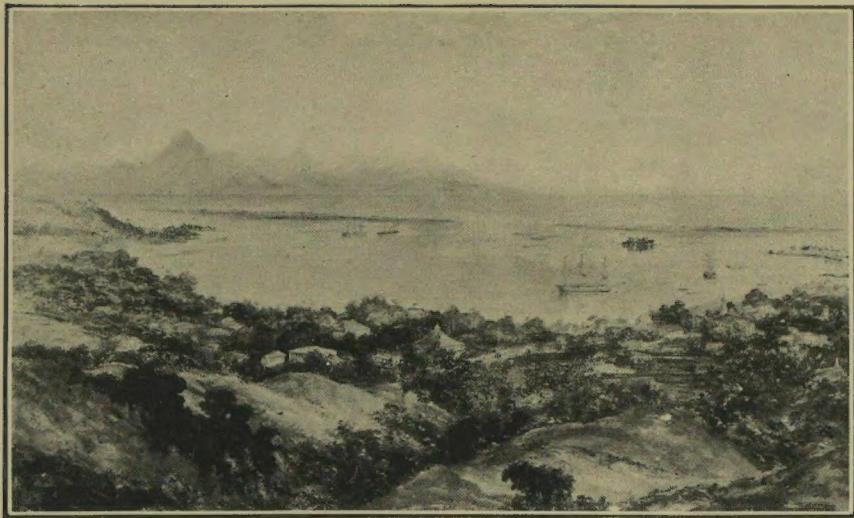


Photo. Bassano.
MR. T. G. CARVER,
New County Court Judge.

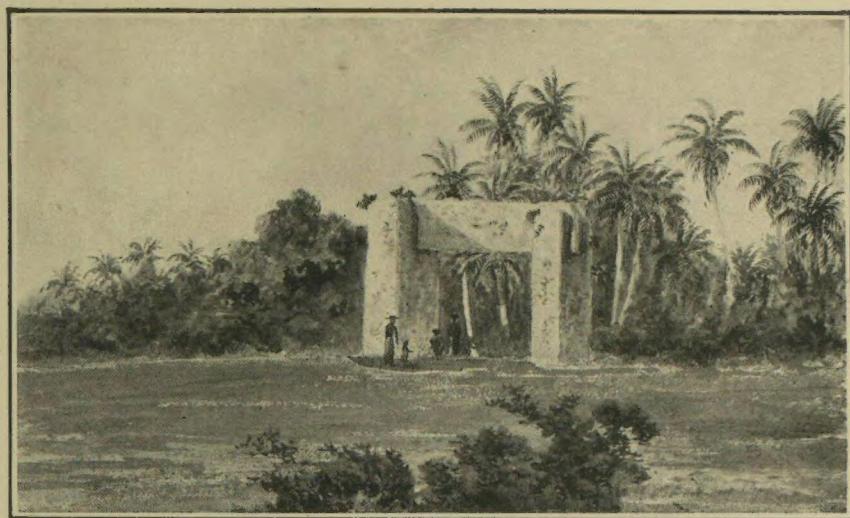


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MAJOR C. E. PALMER, R.A.,
New D.S.O.

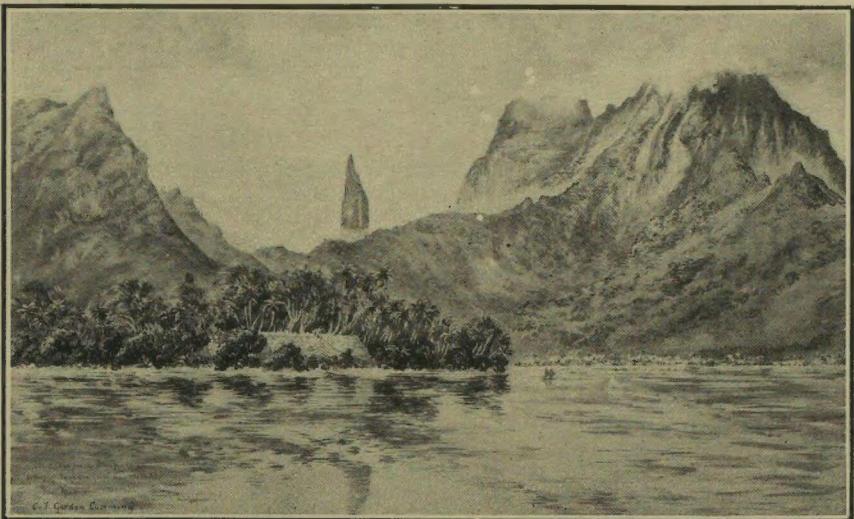
service as an instructor in military surveying at Sandhurst, as D.A.A. and Q.M.G. at Aldershot, and as Assistant Q.M.G. at Madras, he succeeded to the command of his battalion in 1882. Later he became Deputy-Quarter-



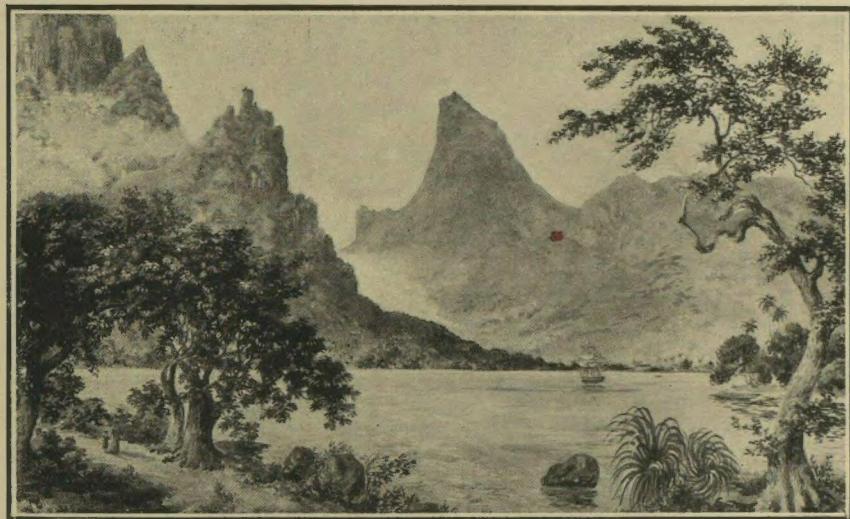
PAPEETE, FROM THE SEMAPHORE.



A GIGANTIC TRILITHON ON THE ISLE OF TONGA.



MAATEA VILLAGE, ISLAND OF MOOREA, TAHITI.

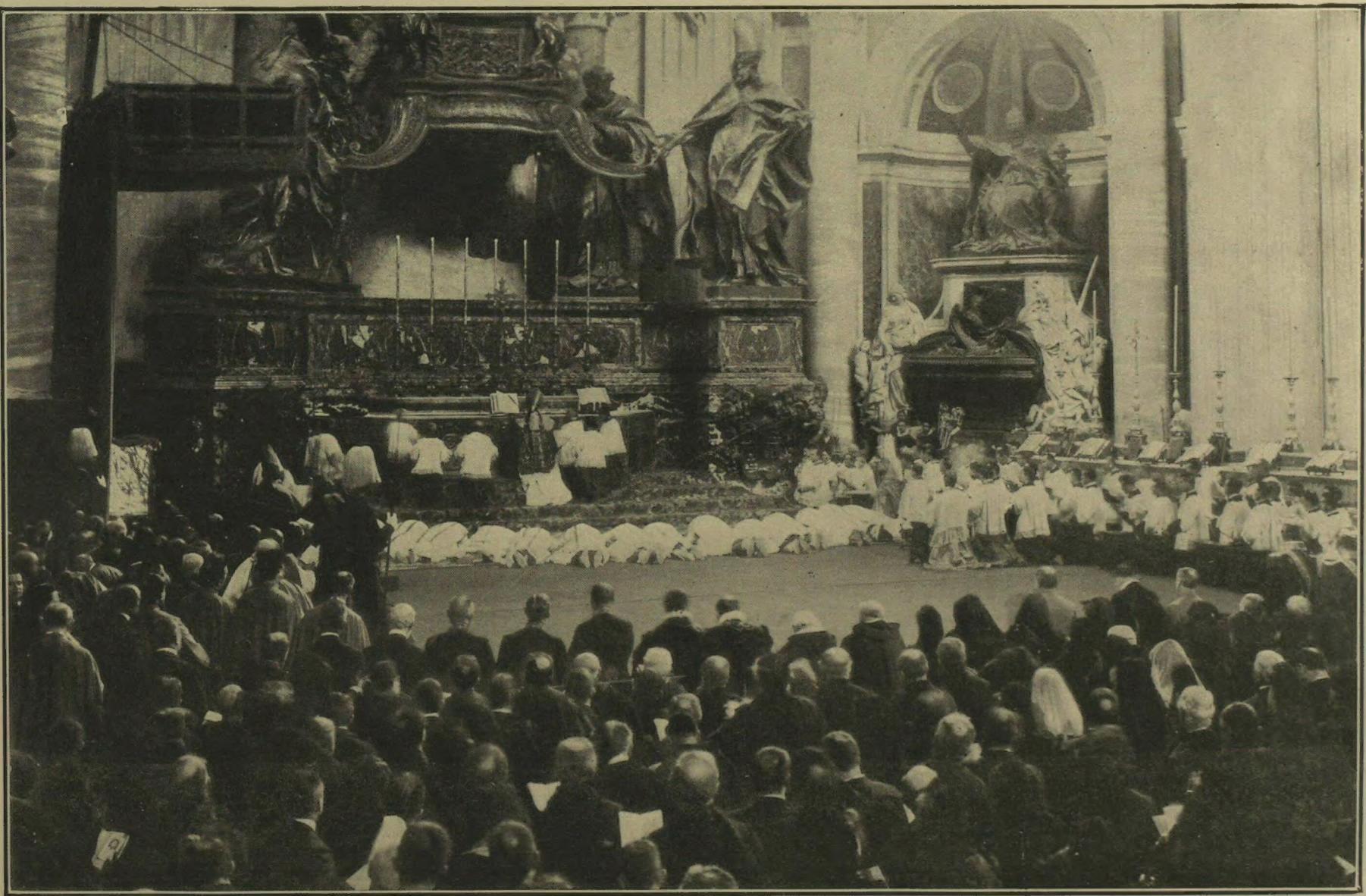


MAAPUTA MOUNTAIN, MOOREA, IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS.

SOUTH SEA ISLANDS WRECKED BY A TORNADO: SCENES IN PAPEETE, TONGA, AND TAHITI.

SKETCHES BY MISS C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

On February 7 a terrific tornado struck the Society Islands. The British Consulate at Papeete was wrecked, and the Government slip and buildings were demolished by a tidal-wave. The hurricane moved at the rate of a hundred and twenty miles an hour, and continued for sixteen hours.



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A CHURCH CEREMONY: A CONSECRATION OF FRENCH BISHOPS BY THE POPE AT ST PETER'S.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FELICI.

On February 25 Pope Pius X. consecrated twelve new French Bishops in St. Peter's. The ceremony was conducted with gorgeous ritual. Our photograph was taken while the Bishops prostrated themselves before the altar during the recitation of the Litany.

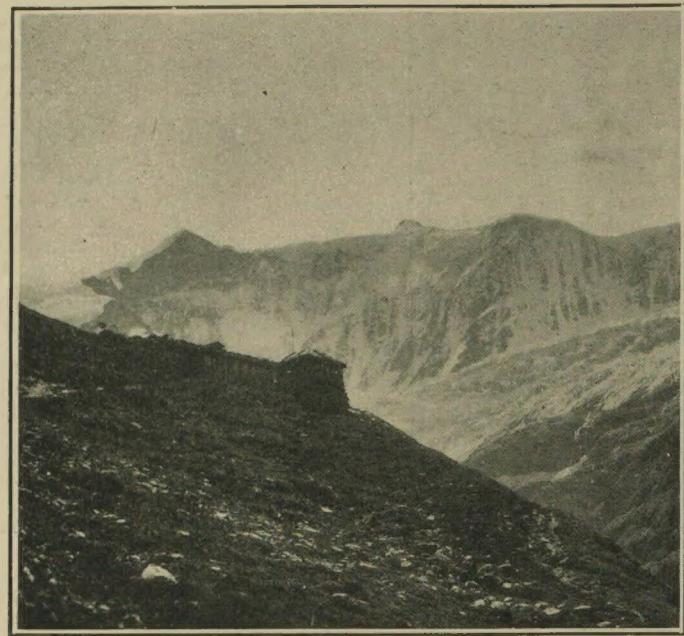
MINOR WONDERS OF THE WORLD, ANCIENT AND MODERN.



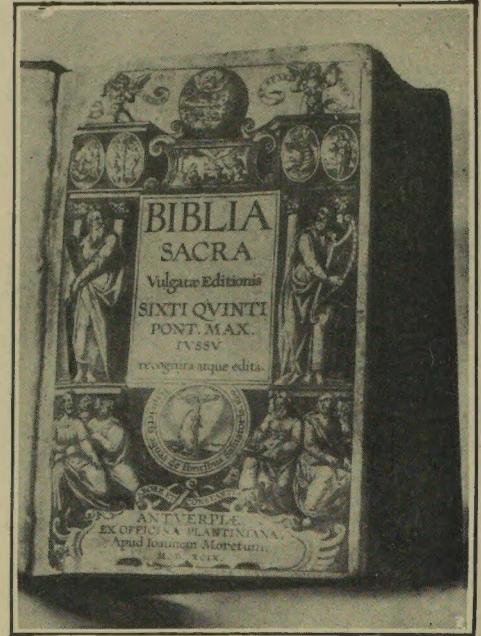
Photo. Press.

AN AUTOMATIC RAILWAY TIME-TABLE.

The machine, invented by Messrs. F. J. Walton and L. V. Rogers, has been set up at Church End Station, Finchley. A clock, set to the station clock, causes the times of the trains to appear in a glass panel.

Photo. Fradelli and Young.
A FAMOUS ALPINE CHÂLET DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

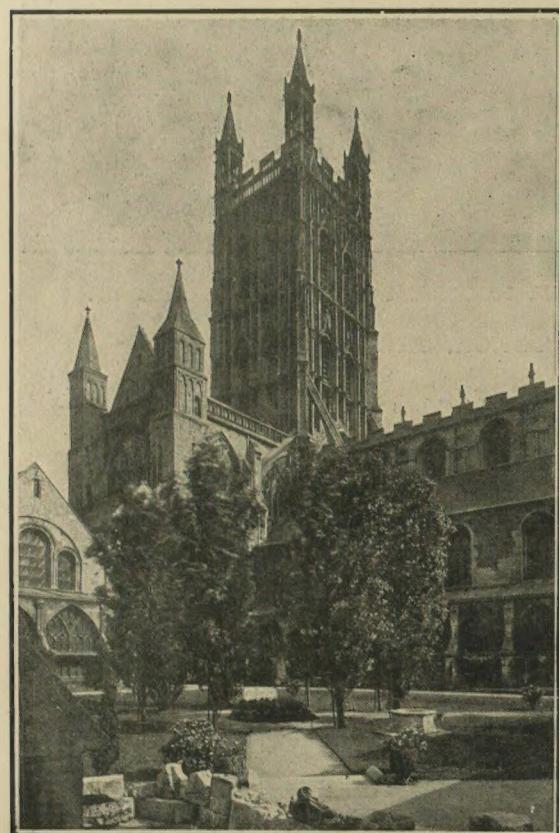
A recent avalanche has swept away a well-known Alpine landmark. It is the Baregg Châlet, and has been familiar to many generations of tourists as a welcome halting-place and house of refreshment during arduous ascents.



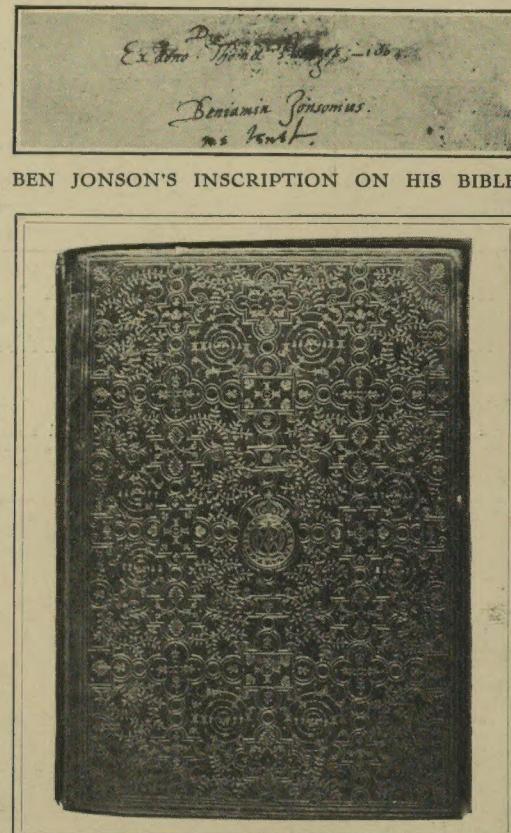
Photos. Topical.

BEN JONSON'S BIBLE FOR SALE.

Ben Jonson's Latin Bible will shortly be sold at Sotheby's. It was published by John Morstus of Antwerp in 1599, and in Ben Jonson's handwriting is the inscription "Ex dono Thomae Strange, Benjamin Jonsonius me tenet."

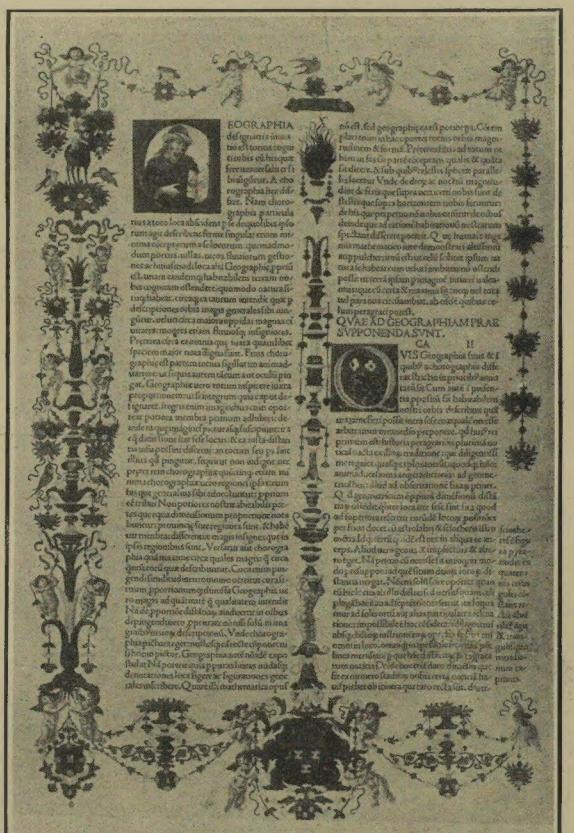
Photo. Bo's.
ANOTHER CRUMBLING CATHEDRAL: GLOUCESTER FROM THE CLOISTERS.

The tower of Gloucester Cathedral is in urgent need of repair. The ornaments are rapidly giving way, the protecting mouldings are perishing, and part of the groining of the choir-roof has fallen. The repairs will cost £8150.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' GEOGRAPHY.

This magnificent copy of Ptolemy's geography, bound by Nicholas Eve, was lent to the British Museum for twenty years, and has just been bought by Mr. Quaritch. It belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, and bears an anagram of her name, "Sa Vertu Matire"—Marie Stewart.



A PAGE FROM QUEEN MARY'S GEOGRAPHY.

This Frescobaldi Ptolemy is a worthy compeer of the other nine examples now known to exist. Its most decorative page is reproduced above. The binding is shown in our other illustration. The other cover bears another anagram, "Veritas Armata," on Mary's name.



MADAME CARNIVAL IN HER CAR.



A MOTOR CAR TRANSFORMED INTO A MARINE MONSTER.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CARNIVAL AT CANNES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN UKKEL.

Among the wonders of this year's Carnival at Cannes was the colossal figure of Madame Carnival, which was drawn on a huge representation of a motor-car. Another was the device of the owner of a private car, who had disguised his motor as a marine monster.

CONAN DOYLE'S GREAT MILITARY HERO ON THE STAGE.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



Comtesse de Roquelaure
(Miss Evelyn Millard).

Napoleon
(Mr. A. E. George). General de Caulaincourt
(Mr. J. H. Irvine).

Major Olivier
(Mr. Frank Woolfe). Captain Gerard
(Mr. Lewis Waller).

THE LAST SCENE FROM "BRIGADIER GERARD," MR WALLER'S NEW PRODUCTION AT THE IMPERIAL.

(SEE "PLAYHOUSES.")

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

By JACK LONDON.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

I HAVE a poppy-field. That is, by the grace of God and the good-nature of editors, I am enabled to place each month divers gold pieces into a clerical gentleman's hands, and in return for said gold pieces I am each month reinvested with certain proprietary rights in a poppy-field. This field blazes on the rim of the Piedmont Hills. Beneath lies all the world. In the distance, across the silver sweep of bay, San Francisco smokes on her many hills like a second Rome. Not far away Mount Tamalpais thrusts a rugged shoulder into the sky; and midway between is the Golden Gate, where sea-mists love to linger. From the poppy-field we often see the shimmered blue of the Pacific beyond, and the busy ships that go for ever out and in.

"We shall have great joy in our poppy-field," said Queen Bess. "Yes," said I; "how the poor city folk will envy when they come to see us, and how we shall make all well again when we send them off with great golden armfuls!"

"But those things will have to come down," I added, pointing to numerous obtrusive notices (relics of the last tenant) displayed conspicuously along the boundaries, and bearing, each and all, this legend: *Private grounds. No trespassing.* "Why should we refuse the poor city folk a ramble over our field, because, forsooth, they have not the advantage of our acquaintance?"

"How I abhor such things!" said Queen Bess; "the arrogant symbols of power."

"They disgrace human nature," said I.

"They shame the generous landscape," she said, "and they are abominable."

"Piggish!" quoth I hotly. "Down with them!"

We looked forward to the coming of the poppies, Queen Bess and I—looked forward as only creatures of the city may look who have been long denied. I have forgotten to mention the existence of a house above the poppy-field—a squat and wandering bungalow, in which we had elected to forsake town traditions and live in fresher and more vigorous ways. The first poppies came, orange-yellow and golden in the standing grain, and we went about gleefully, as though drunken with their wine, and told each other that the poppies were there. We laughed at unexpected moments, in the midst of silences, and at times grew ashamed and stole forth secretly to gaze upon our treasury. But when the great wave of poppy-flame finally spilled itself down the field, we shouted aloud, and danced, and clapped our hands, freely and frankly mad.

And then came the Goths. My face was in a lather, the time of the first invasion, and I suspended my razor in mid-air to gaze out on my beloved field. At the far end I saw a little girl and a little boy, their arms filled with yellow spoil. Ah, thought I, an unwonted benevolence burgeoning, what a delight to me is their delight! It is sweet that children should pick poppies in my field. All summer shall they pick poppies in my field. But they must be little children, I added as an afterthought, and they must pick from the lower end—this last prompted by a glance at the great golden fellows nodding in the wheat beneath my window. Then the razor descended, and my beard rasped plaintively in the face of imminent destruction. Shaving was always an absorbing task, and I did not glance out of the window again until the operation was completed. And then I was bewildered. Surely this was not my poppy-field. No... and yes; there were the tall pines clustering austere together on one side, the magnolia-tree burdened with bloom, and the Japanese quinces splashing the driveway hedge with blood. Yes, it was the field, but no wave of poppy-flame spilled down it, nor did the great golden fellows nod in the wheat beneath my window. I rushed into a jacket and out of the house. In the far distance were disappearing two huge balls of colour, orange and yellow, for all the world like perambulating poppies of Cyclopean breed.

"Johnny," said I, to the nine-year-old son of my sister, "Johnny, whenever little girls come into our field to pick poppies, you must go down to them and in very quiet and gentlemanly manner tell them it is not allowed."

Warm days came, and the sun drew another blaze from the free-bosomed earth. Whereupon a neighbour's little girl, at the behest of her mother, duly craved and received permission from Queen Bess to gather a few poppies for decorative purposes. But of this I was uninformed, and when I despaired her in the midst of the field I waved my arms like a semaphore against the sky.

"Little girl!" called I. "Little girl!" The little girl's legs blurred the landscape as she fled, and in high elation I sought Queen Bess to tell of the potency of my voice. Nobly she came to the rescue, departing forthwith on an expedition of conciliation and explanation to the little girl's mother. But to this day the little girl seeks cover at sight of me, and I know the mother will never be as cordial as she would otherwise have been.

"Yes," said Queen Bess, with a sigh. "I'm afraid it is necessary."

The day was yet young when she sighed again. "I'm afraid, O Man, that your signs are of no avail. People have forgotten how to read these days."

I went out on the porch for verification. A city nymph, in cool summer-gown and picture-hat, paused before one of my newly reared warnings and read it through with care. Profound deliberation characterised her movements. She was statuesquely tall; but with a toss of the head and a flirt of skirt she dropped on hands and knees, crawled under the fence, and came to her feet on the inside with poppies in both her hands. I walked down the drive and talked ethically to her, and she went away. Then I put up more signs.

At one time, years ago, these hills were carpeted with poppies. As between the destructive forces and the will "to live," the poppies maintained an equilibrium with their environment. But the city folk constituted a new and terrible destructive force, the equilibrium was overthrown, and the poppies well-nigh perished. Since the city folk plucked those with the longest stems and biggest bowls, and, since it is the law of kind to reproduce kind, the long-stemmed, big-bowled poppies failed to go to seed, and a stunted, short-stemmed variety remained to the hills. And not only was it stunted and short-stemmed, but sparsely distributed as well. Each day, and every day, for years and years, the city folk swarmed over the Piedmont Hills, and only here and there did the genius of the race survive in the form of miserable little flowers, close-clinging and quick-blooming, like slum-children dragged hastily and precariously through youth to a shrivelled and futile maturity.

On the other hand, the poppies had prospered in my field. And not only had they been sheltered from the barbarians, but also from the birds. Long ago the field was sown in wheat, which went to seed unharvested each year, and in the cool depths of which the poppy-seeds were hidden from the keen-eyed songsters. And further, climbing after the sun through the wheat-stalks, the poppies grew taller and taller and more royal even than the primordial ones of the open.

So the city folk, gazing from the bare hills to my blazing, burning field, were sorely tempted, and, it must be told, as sorely fell. But no sorrier was their fall than that of my beloved poppies.

Where the grain holds the dew and takes the bite from the sun, the soil is moist, and in such soil it is easier to pull the poppies out by the roots than to break the stalk. Now the city folk, like other folk, move along the line of least resistance, and for each flower they gathered, there were gathered many crisp-rolled buds and all the possibilities and future beauties of the plant for all time to come.

One of the city folk, a middle-aged gentleman, with white hands and shifty eyes, especially made life interesting for me. We called him the "Repeater," what of his ways.

When from the porch we implored him to desist, he was wont slowly and casually to direct his steps towards the fence, simulating finely the actions of a man who had not heard, but whose walk, instead, had terminated of itself or of his own volition.

To heighten this effect now and again, still casually and carelessly, he would stoop and pluck another poppy. Thus did he deceitfully save himself the indignity of being put out, and rob us of the satisfaction of putting him out. But he came, and he came often, each time getting away with an able-bodied man's share of plunder.

It is not good to be of the city folk. Of this I am convinced. There is something in the mode of life that breeds an alarming condition of blindness and deafness, or so it seems with the city folk that come to my poppy-field. Of the many to whom I have talked ethically, not one has appeared who has ever seen the warnings so conspicuously displayed; while of those called out to from the porch possibly one in fifty has heard. Also, I have discovered that the relation of city folk to country flowers is quite analogous to that of a starving man to food. No more than the starving man realises that five pounds of meat is not so good as an ounce, do they realise that five hundred poppies crushed and bunched are less beautiful than two or three, in a free cluster, where the green leaves and golden bowls may expand to their full loveliness.

Less forgivable than the unesthetic are the mercenary—hordes of young rascals who plunder me and rob the future that they may stand at street-corners and

Profound deliberation
characterised her
movements.

Came dark, overcast days, stiff driving winds, and pelting rains, day on day, without end, and the city folk cowered in their holes and dens like flood-beset rats; and like rats, half-drowned and gasping, when the weather cleared, they crawled out and up the green Piedmont slopes to bask in the blessed sunshine. And they invaded my field in swarms and droves, crushing the sweet wheat into the earth, and with lustful hands ripping the poppies out by the roots.

"I shall put up the warnings against trespassing," I said



ANCIENT INDIA: THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT GOLCONDA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CARRIED UP THE STEPS LEADING TO THE HILL.

During the visit to Hyderabad, while the Prince was at the shooting-camp at Nikonda, the Princess, who remained in the new palace, paid several visits to places of interest in the neighbourhood, including the remains of Golconda, the former capital of the State.

retail, "California poppies, only five cents a bunch!" In spite of my precautions, some of them made a dollar a day out of my field. One horde do I remember with keen regret. Reconnoitering for a possible dog, they applied at the kitchen-door for "A drink of water, please." While they drank they were besought not to pick any flowers. They nodded, wiped their mouths, and proceeded to take themselves off by the side of the bungalow. They smote the poppy-field beneath my windows, spread out fan-shaped six-wide, picking with both hands, and ripped a swathe of destruction through the very heart of the field. No cyclone travelled faster or destroyed more completely. I shouted after them, but they sped on the wings of the wind, great regal poppies, broken-stalked and mangled, trailing after them or cluttering in their wake—the most high-handed act of piracy, I am confident, ever committed off the high seas.

One day I went a-fishing. And on that day a woman entered the field under full steam. Appeals and remonstrances from the porch having no effect upon her, Queen Bess dispatched a little girl to beg of her to pick no more poppies. The woman calmly went on picking. Then Queen Bess herself went down through the heat of the day. But the woman went on picking, and while she picked she discussed property and proprietary rights, denying Queen Bess's sovereignty until deeds and documents should be produced in proof thereof. And all the time she went on picking, never once overlooking her hand. She was a large woman, belligerent of aspect, and Queen Bess was only a woman and not prone to fisticuffs. So the woman, still under full steam, picked until she could pick no more, said good day, and sailed majestically away.

"People have really grown worse in the last several years, I think," said Queen Bess to me in a tired sort of voice that night.

Next day I was inclined to agree with her. "There's a woman and a little girl heading straight for the poppies," said May, a maid about the bungalow. I went out on the porch and waited their advent. They plunged through the pine-trees and into the field, and as the roots of the first poppies were pulled I called to them. They were about a hundred feet away. The woman and the little girl turned to the sound of my voice, and looked at me. "Please do not pick the poppies," I pleaded. They pondered this for a minute, then the woman said something in an undertone to the little girl, and both backs jack-knived as the slaughter recommenced. I shouted, but they had become suddenly deaf. I screamed, and so fiercely that the little girl wavered dubiously. And while the woman went on picking I could hear her in low tones heartening the little girl.

I recollect a syren whistle with which I was wont to summon Johnny, the son of my sister. It was a fearsome thing, made belike to wake the dead, and I blew and blew; but the jack-knived backs never unclasped. I do not mind with men, but I have never particularly favoured physical encounters with women; yet this woman, who encouraged a little girl in iniquity, tempted me. I went into the bungalow and fetched forth my rifle. Twenty feet from the woman I planted a bullet. The little girl fled screaming to the shelter of the pines, but the woman went on picking. The thud of a second bullet, ten feet from her, came sharp to my ears. She never budged, though the little girl in the pines screamed broken-heartedly. A third bullet, not six feet away, finally persuaded the woman, and she arose with great composure and stalked out of my field, her arms brimming with orange and gold.

Thenceforward I saved my lungs and talked with gunpowder. Also, from my new manner of speech I made fresh generalisations. To commit robbery, women take advantage of their sex. Men have more respect for property than women. Men are less insistent in crime than women. And women are less afraid of rifle-fire than men. Likewise, we conquer the earth in hazard and battle by the virtues of our mothers. We are a race of robbers, of land-robbers and sea-robbers, we Anglo-Saxons, and small wonder, when we suckle at the breasts of a breed of women such as maraud my poppy-field.

Still the pillage went on. Syrens and gunpowder were without avail. The city folk were great of heart and undismayed, and I noted the habit of "repeating" was becoming general. What booted it how often they were driven forth, if each time they were permitted to carry away their ill-gotten plunder? When one has turned away the same person twice and thrice, an emotion arises somewhat akin to homicide. And when one has once become conscious of this sanguinary feeling, his whole destiny seems to grip hold of him and drag him into the abyss. More than once, talking with gunpowder, I found myself unconsciously pulling the rifle over from the side to get a sight on the miserable trespassers. In my sleep I slew them in manifold ways, and threw their carcases into the reservoir. Each

day the temptation to shoot them in the legs became more luring, and every day I felt my fate calling to me more imperiously. Gallows visions rose up before me, and with the hemp about my neck I saw stretched out the pitiless future of my children, dark with disgrace and shame. I became afraid of myself, and Queen Bess went about with anxious face, privily beseeching my friends to entice me into taking a vacation. Then, and at the last gasp, came the thought that saved me—*Why not confiscate?* If their forays were bootless, in the nature of things their forays would cease.

The first to enter my field thereafter was a man. I was waiting for him. And, oh joy! it was the Repeater himself, smugly complaisant with knowledge of past success. I checked his fond desires with my rifle, and, as of old, he retreated casually and carelessly toward the fence, plucking an occasional poppy by the way. But I swept his onward path with leaden hail till he quailed and looked up. Then I dropped the rifle negligently across the hollow of my arm and went down to him.

"I am sorry to trouble you for those poppies," I said in my oiliest tones, "but really, you know, I must have them."

He regarded me speechlessly. It must have made a great picture. It surely was dramatic. With the rifle across my arm and my suave request still ringing in my ears, I felt like Black Bart, and Jesse James, and Jack

explain my side of the case, but I soon gave this over. It was a waste of breath. They could not understand. To one lady who insinuated that I was miserly, I said:

"My dear Madam, you do not realise that no hardship is worked upon you. Had I not been parsimonious yesterday and the day before, these poppies would have been picked by the city hordes of that day and the day before, and your eyes, which to-day have discovered this field, would have beheld no poppies at all. The poppies you may not pick to-day are the poppies I did not permit to be picked yesterday and the day before. Therefore, believe me, you are denied nothing."

"But the poppies are here to-day," she said, glaring carnivorously upon their glow and splendour.

"I will pay you for them," said a gentleman, at another time. (I had just relieved him of an armful.) I felt a sudden shame, I know not why, unless it be that his words had just made clear to me that a monetary, as well as an aesthetic, value was attached to my flowers. The apparent sordidness of my position overwhelmed me, and I said weakly, "I do not sell my poppies. You may have what you have picked." But ere the week was out I confronted the same gentleman again. "I will pay you for them," he said. "Yes," said I, "you may pay me for them. Twenty dollars, please." He gasped, looked at me searchingly, gasped again, and silently and sadly put them down. But it remained, as usual, for a woman to attain the sheerest pitch of audacity. When I declined payment and demanded my plucked beauties, she refused to give them up. "I picked these poppies," she said, "and my time is worth money. When you have paid me for my time, you may have them." Her cheeks flamed rebellion, and her face, with a pretty one, was set and determined. Now I was a man of the hill tribes, and she a mere woman of the city folk, and, though it is not my inclination to enter into details, it is my pleasure to state that that particular bunch of poppies subsequently glorified the bungalow and that the woman departed to the city unpaid. Anyway, they were my poppies.

"They are God's poppies," said the Radiant Young Radical, democratically shocked at sight of my turning city folk out of my field. And for two weeks she hated me with a deathless hatred. I could not live under the ban of her displeasure, so I sought her out and explained. I explained at length. I told the story of the poppy as Maeterlinck has told the life of the bee. I treated the question biologically, psychologically, and sociologically. I discussed it ethically and aesthetically. I grew warm over it, and impassioned; and when I had done, she professed conversion, but in my heart of hearts I knew it to be courtesy and compassion.

I fled from her to other friends for consolation. I retold the story of the poppy. They did not appear supremely interested. I grew excited. They were surprised and pained. They looked at me curiously. "It ill befits your dignity to squabble over poppies," they said. "It is unbecoming."

I fled away to yet other friends. I sought vindication. The thing had become vital. I stood in a false position, and I needs must put myself right. I felt called upon to explain, though well knowing that he who explains is lost. I told the story of the poppy over again. I went into the minutest details. I added to it, and expanded. I talked myself hoarse, and when I could talk no more they looked bored. Also they said insipid things, and soothful things, and things concerning other things and not at all to the point. I was consumed with anger, and there and then I renounced them all.

* * * * *

At the bungalow I lie in wait for chance visitors. Craftily I broach the subject, watching their faces closely the while to detect first signs of disapprobation, whereupon I empty long-stored vials of wrath upon their heads. I wrangle for hours with anyone who does not say I am right. I am become like Guy de Maupassant's old man who picked up a piece of string. I am incessantly explaining, and nobody will understand. I have become more brusque in my treatment of the predatory city folk. No longer do I take delight in their disburdenment, for it has become an onerous duty, a wearisome and distasteful task. My friends look askance and murmur pityingly on the side when we meet in the city. They rarely come to see me now. They are afraid. I am an embittered and disappointed man, and all the light seems to have gone out of my life and into my blazing field. So one pays for things. Well, I have paid for my field, therefore the more reason that I watch over it. Day by day my rifle punctures the brooding quiet of the Piedmont Hills, and shall continue to puncture it till not one poppy, or, perhaps, not one city creature remains. This is the last time I shall tell the story of the poppy. Henceforth I shall confine myself to gunpowder, the one speech that all can understand.

THE END.



"I am sorry to trouble you for those poppies."

Sheppard, and Robin Hood, and whole generations of highwaymen and road-agents.

"Come, come," I said, a little sharply and in what I imagine was the true fashion; "I am sorry to inconvenience you, believe me; but I must have those poppies."

I absently shifted the gun and smiled. That fetched him. Without a word he passed them over and turned his toes towards the fence, but no longer casual and careless was his carriage, nor did he stoop to pick the occasional poppy by the way. And that was the last of the Repeater. I could see by his eyes that he did not like me, and his back reproached me all the way down the field and out of sight.

From that day the bungalow has been flooded with poppies. Every vase and earthen jar is filled with them. They blaze on every mantel and run riot through all the rooms. I present them to my friends in huge bunches, and still the kind city folk come and gather more for me. "Sit down for a moment," I say to the departing guest, "and in the fullness of a few minutes your poppies shall be added unto." And there we sit in the shade of the porch while aspiring city creatures pluck my poppies and sweat under the brazen sun. And when their arms are sufficiently weighted with my yellow glories, I go down with the rifle over my arm and disburden them. In this manner have I become convinced that every situation has its compensation.

Confiscation was successful so far as it went; but I had forgotten one thing—namely, the vast number of the city folk. Though the old transgressors came no more, new ones arrived every day, and I found myself confronted with the Titanic task of educating a whole city to the inexpediency of raiding my poppy-field. During the process of disburdening them I was accustomed to

THE VEILED LADIES OF INDIA: A GLIMPSE OF THE ZENANA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE VICTORIA ZENANA HOSPITAL, HYDERABAD.
IN PRESENCE OF LADIES OF THE ZENANA.

The hospital is to stand on the Amin Bagh. Through the cane curtains in the background a glimpse can just be caught of a number of women of the Zenana, who were permitted, from behind this extemporised grille (a curious parallel to our Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons), to witness the ceremony on February 9.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

IT is a little late in the day, perhaps, to express wonder and admiration at Maarten Maartens' intimate knowledge of our language, but his new novel, "The Healers" (Constable), fills us with a greater measure of both than any of his earlier essays in it. He always employs it as a useful instrument, true; it never at his hands shapes itself in beauty and significance as with Mr. Joseph Conrad. In Maarten Maartens' case it is alertness in the language, in keeping with an alertness of thought and criticism which is his also, that is remarkable. He exhibits, indeed, an ease and confidence in its idiom and colloquialisms that is frequently audacity, yet very seldom leads him astray. At the same time, it is, of necessity, an individual use of language, and is joined, as we have already said, with an individual temper. One could not read a chapter of "The Healers," of course, without naming Maarten Maartens; but we doubt if one could read it in a fair translation without recognising him. Individuality will out. It comes out in the main theme, which is that of ministering to minds diseased, with profounder inquiries into the constitution of the soul, or rather, suggestions about it. We cannot state the central theme of "The Healers" more closely than that without being given some pages in which to do so, and it may be said at once that this is not an "easy" novel, with a conclusion as obvious as the mystery when it is cleared up on the last page. Yet we never feel it difficult. If one or two of the characters are a little cold and formal, like the contents of a problem (which they are), they are surrounded by characters of flesh and blood, that live and think and suffer. "The Healers," in fact, is a stimulating book. It has observation, reflection, pathos, humour. Not a rollicking humour, indeed, but, let us say, a less captious humour than that which hitherto has sometimes marred our enjoyment of Maarten Maartens.

The opening chapters of "The Scholar's Daughter" (Methuen) will strike coldly upon people who remember that Miss Beatrice Harraden's early work conquered by virtue of its direct expression of certain human phases. It is a long journey from the rarefied atmosphere of "Ships that Pass in the Night" to the scholar's oak-lined library, in which the three secretaries—the three bookworms whose labours are expended upon a dictionary—receive his gay and frivolous daughter. Perhaps it is a still longer journey from the inevitability of the events in that clever little book to the miracles of coincidence by which a touching conclusion is arrived at here. These comparisons, of course, must not be understood to infer that Miss Harraden's hand has lost its cunning. "The Scholar's Daughter" may be a book that has been written because its author knew that she could write a story, and not because the pressure of conviction insisted that it should be written; but it remains quite a good story for all that—even a very good story, though nothing more. It runs smoothly, with light relief and pathos judiciously blended in its composition; it has a pretty pair of lovers and some quaint subordinate characters; it ends in a moving reconciliation, most artistic and timely. It lacks, in fact, the savage crudity of real life, but it contains, instead, many pleasant evidences of the skill of a sympathetic writer who has the gentle art of novel-making at her fingers' ends.

There is not much difficulty in discerning what form the lady's defection will take in "The Lapse of Vivien Eady" (Nash): the reader's pleasure is less the elusive joy of pursuing a dramatic dénouement than of following, page by page, Mr. Charles Marriott's delineation of men and women. Given a really nice, wholesome girl, engaged to be married to a priggish schoolmaster whom she admires and respects but evidently does not love, her lapse towards a more primitive attachment is only a matter of chapters. She has, besides, a mother with a shrewd sense of humour, which makes the lapse, in a manner of speaking, predestined. Mr. Marriott has been very happy in his minor characters in this novel; they sustain the vivacity of all incident events, and they have the air—not too common in minor characters—of being essential to the general fabric. Mrs. Hyde, the successful playwright, who was reported to make three thousand a year and spend four, who dressed in rusty black like a superannuated governess, and was discovered in Paris, stout, rubicund, shabby and British, eating a muffin at Colombin's, is a very delightful person, of whom, though the author's accurate eye for proportion does not permit it, we should have been glad to see more. Even Rutherford Loraine, the dissolute poet, who appears only to disappear, is sharply drawn; a thumbnail sketch, but a clear and clever one. A novel such as this may be compared to an appetising dish. What if the ingredients be commonplace? It tickles the palate; and much judgment has gone to the making of it.

"Blue Jay" (Heinemann) stands one at least of the chief tests of a good story—it carries the reader on. Yet Miss Peggy Webbing, the author, has contrived it out of the most unpromising material. Jay Lubbock is a Canadian boy who develops an aptitude for juggling, runs away from a not very happy home, and under the name of Blue Jay makes a great repute for himself as an equilibrist on both sides of the Atlantic. In his native village he had left a little girl, Nessie, the memory of whom goes with him, and in the end he returns to marry her. But our interest certainly does not lie in their love-story, though in the relations of Nessie and another suitor, Buckland Gill, there is something that arrests the attention. It is difficult to say why, but

we certainly do follow the hero's career with some eagerness. No glamour is cast over it. The kicks in the "profession" are more plentiful than the ha'pence. The attraction of the story, indeed, lies mainly in the fact that it is held up as a line of life for which the required qualities (given the knack) are the same prosaic qualities as in any other, and in which a man comes under an obligation to be honest, faithful, industrious, equally as in any other.

Mr. Evans's pleasant book on the country to the north and west of Oxford will make many alumni of that seat of learning regret bitterly that they were not explorers in their fleeting days of leisure. But his methods are a little disappointing to the reader who imagines that he knows the country round Oxford, for he resolutely turns his back on Berkshire, and is so determined to get away from the Thames that he has no word to spare for even Bablock Hythe or Stanton Harcourt. His unconscionable bicycle whirls him off into Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, and such outlandish northern counties! But, as a gossiping guide to the Cotswold region, "Highways and Byways in Oxford and the Cotswolds" (Macmillan) deserves gratitude from those who have time to disport themselves in rural England, and earns envy from those who have not. The country through which he takes us abounds in memories of the Civil Wars, and Mr. Evans is so well posted both in history and architecture that his company is delightful. Nor is he untinctured by some knowledge of birds and flowers. If the book is a trifle egoistical—well, which of us would willingly set out on a walking tour with an automaton? The ideal companion of the road ought to have an individuality. Mr. Griggs can do full justice to picturesque buildings (though the spongy paper of the book mars some of his pictures), but he does not

MRS. BROWNING'S CENTENARY.

THE date and place of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's birth have been variously stated, but the researches of Canon Burnet, Vicar of Kelloe, have now set the matter at rest. The register of Kelloe parish church records that Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett was born on March 6, 1806. She was the eldest child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, of Coxhoe Hall, Durham, a native of St. James, Jamaica; and his wife Mary, daughter of J. Graham Clarke, of Fenham Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Elizabeth Barrett was privately baptised soon after birth, and again publicly, two years later, in Kelloe parish church. When she was about two years old the Barretts removed to Hope End, Herefordshire, a few miles from Malvern, and with this place the future poet's earliest memories were connected. From a very early date her precocity in rhyming was remarkable. "I wrote verses," she said, "at eight years old," and this statement has been verified by the discovery of a book into which these childish pieces had been copied. One, dated April 27, 1814, to "My Dearest Papa," is amusing

Sweet Parent! dear to me as kind,
Who sowed the very bottom of my mind
And raised the very inmost of my heart
To taste the sweets of Nature you impart,
I hope you will let us drink tea with you, and have your fiddle
to-night.—Your dear child,
ELIZABETH.

An Answer to the Nursery.

In a few years her aims became more ambitious, and, after a series "of nascent odes, epics and didactics," she produced a poem in four books and of about fifteen hundred lines, which she styled "The Battle of Marathon."

Mr. Barrett was so proud of his daughter's performance that he had fifty copies of the poem printed for distribution. The book is now one of the rarities of literature, and even a facsimile reprint, which was produced in 1891 from the original in possession of Mr. T. J. Wise, is very scarce. It was, probably, the subject of this poem that gave rise to the absurd tradition that its author could read Homer in the original Greek when only eleven years old. Her own statement that she derived her youthful knowledge of the Greeks from Pope's "Homer" is a sufficient refutation of the story. It should be stated that "The Battle of Marathon" was not printed until 1819, although Mrs. Browning tells us that it was written when she was only "eleven or twelve years old."

A few years later the poet began to contribute poems to contemporary publications, and some of them have not yet been included in any edition of her Poems. From one of them, published in 1826, these few stanzas may be quoted—

Had I been born on a servile shore
I might have tamed my spirit more;
The spell of a despot might have hung
On the dreams I dreamt and the songs I sung.

Oh! should I ever live to be
On the sunlit plains of Italy,
I would walk as they walk beside the dead,
With voiceless lips and a soundless tread!

Alas! for the land of the Poet's might:
They wed her to Pleasure, cold and light;
But Glory was her ancient spouse,
And her heart remembers its early vows.

Let her rise by the spell of Dante's mind,
Let her cast her gauds of shame behind—
Yea, let her mount the widow's pyre,
And clasping the urn of Glory expire.

Erewhile a voice did my spirit meet,
When Naples spoke from her marble street;
Before she crouched in the dust again,
And the slave went back to his broken chain.

These lines are remarkable, apart from any intrinsic merit they may or may not possess, as proving how, at that early period, she took a more than common interest in the welfare of Italy.

In 1826 Elizabeth Barrett issued anonymously another volume of verse entitled "An Essay on Mind, and Other Poems." The Essay, written in heroic verse, was produced in view, but not without doubts as to its truth, of Byron's false proposition that "ethical poetry is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects is moral truth." The lines evince no originality of thought, following the see-saw style of the Pope school, and are not very remarkable, even for a girl of seventeen.

In October 1828, Mrs. Barrett, the mother of the poet, died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, leaving Elizabeth, already an invalid, to be the guide and guardian of her seven brothers and sisters. Soon after the death of his wife, Mr. Barrett disposed of his beautiful Herefordshire home and removed to Sidmouth. The change was a terrible one for Elizabeth, and she never referred to Hope End and the neighbouring Malvern Hills without considerable emotion.

In Sidmouth the Barretts resided from two to three years, during which period Elizabeth was very prolific with her pen. She published a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus (which, she stated, she wrote in twelve days) and "Miscellaneous Poems." The volume contained little worthy of preservation, and subsequently its author did her best to suppress it. At Sidmouth Miss Barrett derived great pleasure from the society of a celebrated Greek scholar, H. S. Boyd. Under his scholarly care and tuition she, doubtless, gained most of her Hellenic knowledge, and but for his instruction would never have been enabled to handle Greek themes so deftly as she subsequently did.



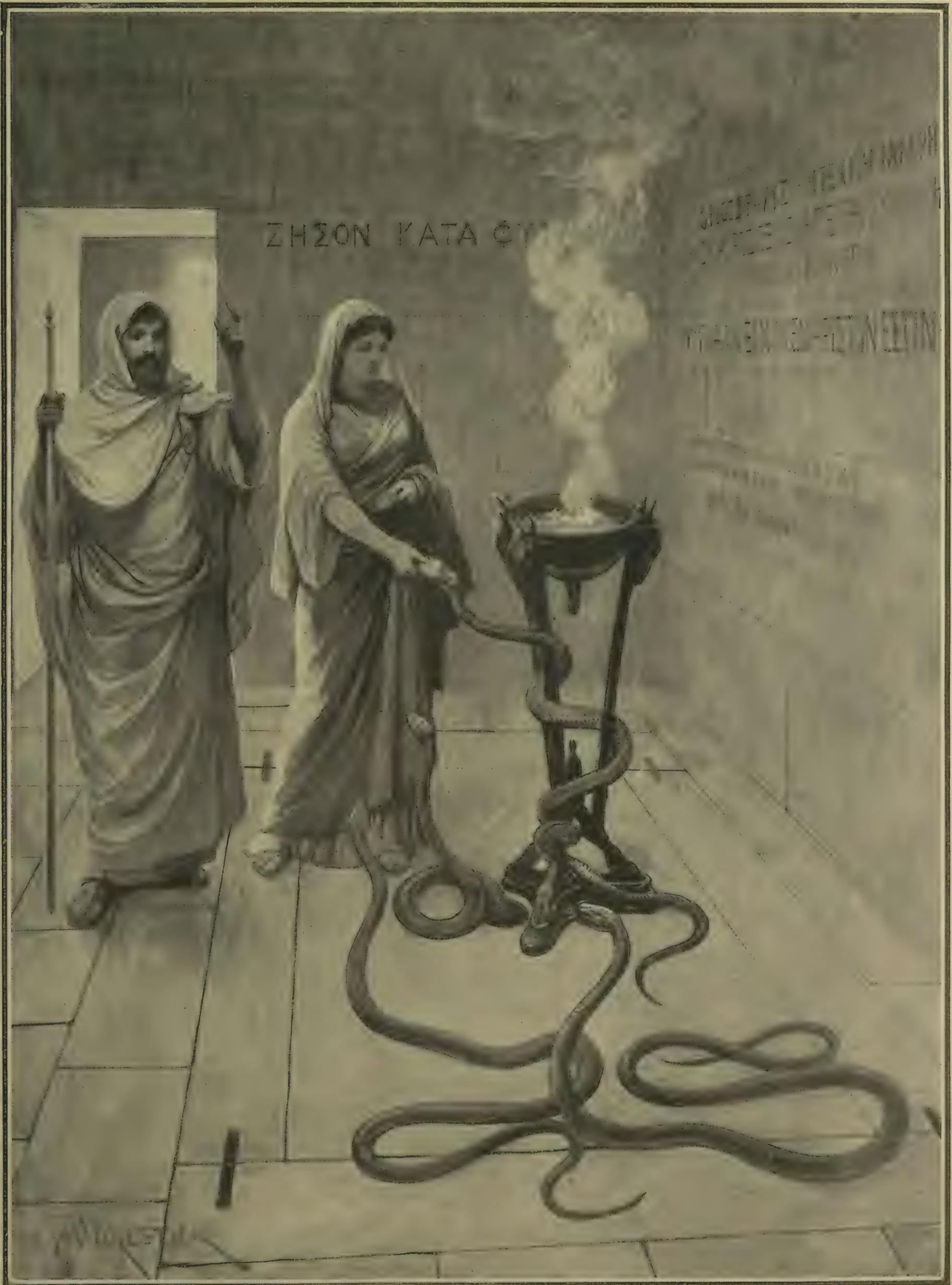
THE CENTENARY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
MARCH 6: A LITTLE-KNOWN PORTRAIT OF THE POET.

give us the wide prospects which mark the peculiar charm of the Cotswolds. The book, however, is one of the best of its series.

Mr. A. E. Pratt pursues the enviable vocation of collector of natural history specimens, and in "Two Years among the New Guinea Cannibals" (Seeley) he gives an exceedingly entertaining and informing account of the adventures encountered by himself and his son among the Papuans. Realising that the scientific results of his work in these unexplored forests are of interest only to the few, he relegates such matters to appendices, and devotes his book proper to the strange people with whom his lot was cast. He gives the Papuan tribes of the mountainous interior an excellent character in the main: they are jovial, light-hearted, and hospitable souls, and when the white man has gained their confidence they trust him absolutely. Nevertheless, the country is by no means easy to traverse. Men and women are the only "transport animals" available, and the tribes, dwelling in their several valleys, cut off one from another by lofty and precipitous mountain ridges, are only too frequently on bad terms with their neighbours. Mr. Pratt had infinite trouble to keep his native collectors in hand, but he shows himself to be a diplomat of no mean order in his dealings with these wild savages; and the same must be said of Mr. Harry Pratt, who, at sixteen, undertook long expeditions in the interior on his own account. We glean from these pages a graphic idea of the Papuans, whose superstitions and customs were such a fruitful source of interest to the author; and we are inclined to share his opinions that a people in many respects so ingenious, and often so quick to assimilate a new idea and understand a strange appliance, have great possibilities in them.

THE FAMOUS "CURE" OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM RESTORATIONS BY DR. RICHARD CATON.



A PRIEST OF ASKLEPIOS (AESCULAPIUS) AND A PATIENT CALLING UP THE SACRED, NON-POISONOUS SNAKES.

During the recent excavations at the Health Temple of Asklepios at Kos, the scene of Hippocrates' labours, a curious cist with a heavy marble lid was discovered. This is believed to have been the place where the priests kept the sacred snakes of Asklepios. In the centre of the slab is a hole (see photograph on another page) through which the snakes went out and in. This Ophiseion, or place of the snakes, was let into the floor of a small sanctuary in which an altar of incense is supposed to have stood. There the priests brought their patients to sacrifice, and to offer sacred cakes to the serpents. On the walls were probably engraved health maxims and votive inscriptions of persons who had been cured.

(SEE ARTICLE.)

A SANATORIUM TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO: THE HEALTH TEMPLE AT COS.

RESTORATION BY DR. RICHARD CATON.

DR. CATON, of Liverpool, delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on Friday, March 2, on the recently discovered Asklepieion, or Health Temple of Cos, the scene of the labours of Hippocrates.

The site, about two miles from the modern town of Cos, has been so changed by earthquakes, by the growth of vegetation, by the destructive work of the lime-burner, and by the erection in mediæval times of churches and mosques, that all trace of the magnificent Coan sanctuary had disappeared, and the association of the place with Asklepios had remained absolutely unknown for many centuries. Near the foot of a range of lofty hills a plot of ground known to the natives of the island as Panagia Tarsou was a few years ago suggested by Messrs. Paton and Hicks, the authors of the "Inscriptions of Cos," as probably the locality of the temple.

Professor Rudolf Herzog, of Tübingen, commenced three years ago to investigate this site, and has been rewarded by the discovery of highly interesting remains of the ancient temple and precinct. To him and to his fellow-workers belongs the whole credit of the excavation.

The temple precinct consists of three terraces arranged in steps on the side of the mountain. (See first illustration, in which a restoration is seen from the north.) The lowest of the three, approached by a gateway, or propylæa, consists of a three-sided stoa, or portico, about 130 yards long by 65 broad. The eastern side of the portico had adjacent to it an extensive series of baths, originally, no doubt, the work of Greek builders, but

altered and extended in Roman times. A vast number of ancient earthenware pipes brought water to the baths and fountains probably from the spring of Hippocrates, and from the celebrated red-water or iron spring, a couple of miles higher up in the mountains. The north and part of the west side contained many rooms, probably employed as consulting-rooms and operating-rooms, dispensary, library, and rooms for teaching-

there stood a huge altar, reminding the visitor of that at Pergamon, though on a smaller scale. This is interesting as being the scene of the fourth Mime of the Greek poet Herondas.

To the west of this altar stood an ancient Ionic prostyle temple, divided into naos and pronaos. On

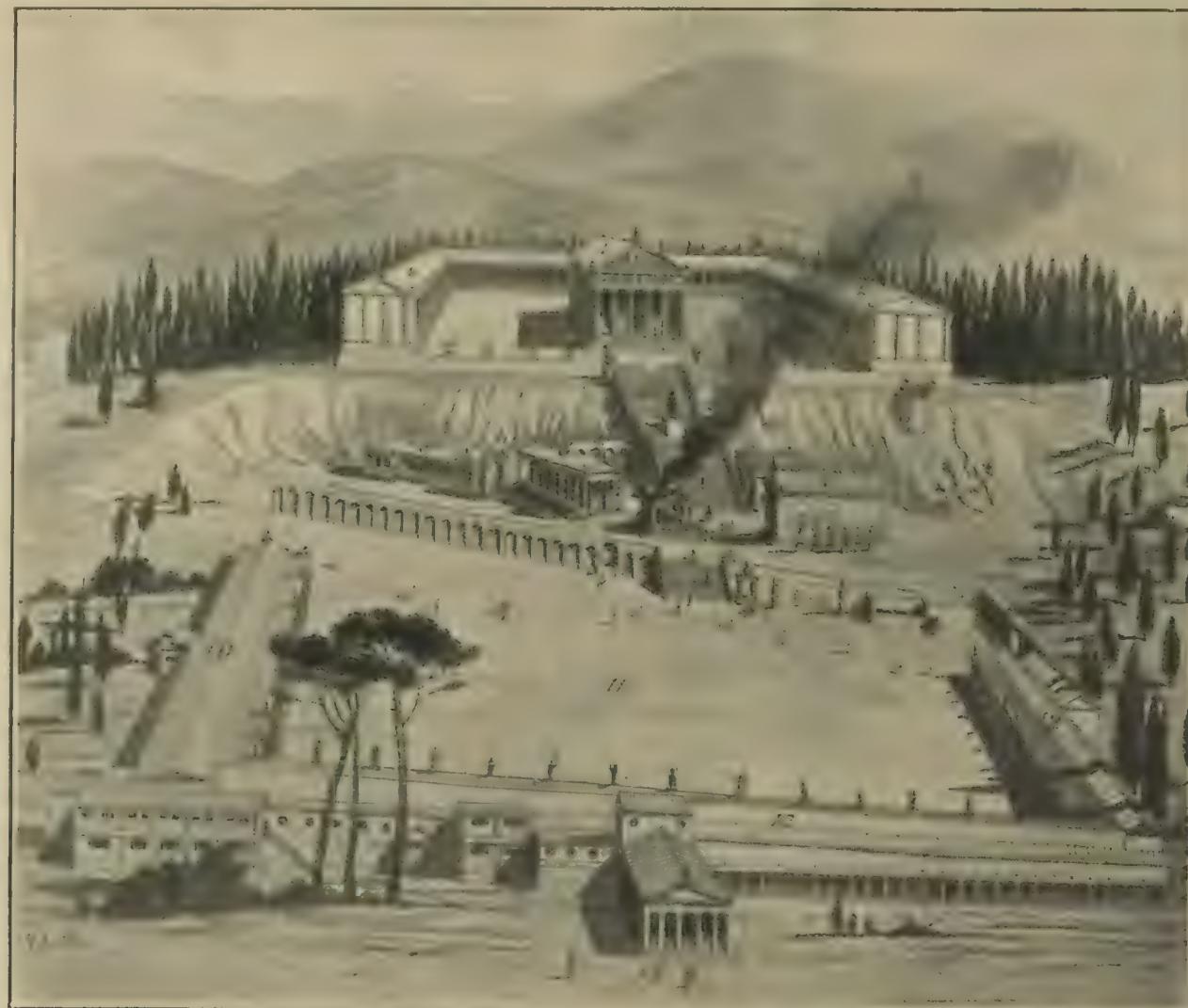
temple on the third terrace), may afterwards have been utilised as a thymele, or sacrificing-place, to the serpents, as probably was the case in the tholos at Epidaurus.

East of the great altar stood a second temple, the original dedication of which is unknown, but in Roman times the Emperors were probably worshipped there.

It is Doric peripteral. Both temples appear to be not later than the fifth century B.C., but have been reconstructed probably after overthrow by earthquake. East of this latter temple extends a long, irregular building which may have been partly temple, partly rest or shelter houses for the sick. South of the Doric temple was a large exedra, or semi-circular seat, similar to those at Epidaurus. South of the Ionic temple was a building reconstructed in Roman times, and perhaps intended for a "Lesche" or for a priest's house. South of the great altar a broad and lofty flight of steps leads up to the third or highest terrace. On the summit facing this great stairway stood the large temple of Asklepios, a Doric peripteral structure dating only from the third century B.C. Its dimensions were thirty-four yards by eighteen. On the south, east, and west sides the temple was surrounded by a great stoa, measuring one-hundred-and-ten yards by seventy. Adjacent to the east and west arms of the stoa were buildings which are thought to be the abatons, or sleeping-places for men and women respectively, where the sick spent the night on their couches, hoping for illuminating visions from the god, for visits from the sacred serpents, and for miraculous healing. They are the

counterparts of the abaton at Epidaurus. This curious idea of incubation as a means of healing still survives at Tenos and other Greek islands, as Dr. Rouse, of Cambridge, has pointed out.

Only the foundations of all these buildings exist, but architectural fragments render it not difficult to reconstruct in imagination the original structures. Naturally but few remains have been found of the splendid works



RESTORATION OF THE HEALTH TEMPLE AT COS.

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|---|-----------------------------|--|
| 1. The Great Temple of Asklepios (Aesculapius). | 6. The Great Altar. | 11. Probable Gymnasium for Patients. |
| 2. The Abaton: Portico where the Patients Slept. | 7. The House of the Snakes. | 12. The Dispensary, Waiting, and Consulting Rooms. |
| 3. The Great Staircase. | 8. The Sacred Well. | 13. The Library and Operating Rooms. |
| 4. The Exedra, where the Patients Sat in the Sun. | 9. A Shrine. | 14. The Propylaea. |
| 5. Temples to Unknown Deities. | 10. The Baths. | |

the south side of the naos the floor contains a large rectangular coffer or cist composed of great slabs of marble, each about a foot thick. The coffer is about five feet long, four in breadth, and three in depth. The massive block which forms the lid is pierced in the centre by an aperture about six inches in diameter. Professor Herzog believes this to have been a treasure-chamber. The extreme difficulty of removing the



THE REMAINS OF ONE OF THE TEMPLES IN THE PRECINCT.

purposes, for Cos was a great medical school. Near the propylæa, or gateway, were large tanks or basins probably for ceremonial ablutions. A portion of the western side was devoted to sanitary accommodations. The south side of this great stoa, or quadrangle, consisted of a lengthy buttressed wall supporting the second terrace, pierced by certain flights of steps, and presenting several drinking-fountains between the buttresses. About the centre of the second terrace



THE SUPPOSED HOME OF THE SACRED SNAKES OF ASKLEPIOS.

massive lid in order to deposit or remove treasure leads Dr. Caton to believe it to have been the "Ophiseion," or home of the sacred serpents, from which they emerged when fed by votaries with the "popana," or cake offerings. Probably also a bronze tripod stood adjacent on which incense and bloodless sacrifices were offered to the god in his snake-incarnation. This structure, which was probably at an earlier time the Temple of Asklepios (before the erection of the great

of art in bronze and marble which once decorated this celebrated place of healing.

The views from the temple commanding the mountains and plains of Cos, the blue Aegean, the islands, and the hills of Asia Minor are most striking. The Sanctuary has no theatre or stadium, those of the town of Cos being easily accessible. The sacred grove of cypresses surrounded the upper part of the temple on three sides.

RECENT HALTING-PLACES OF THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY AND BY BREMNER.

BETTIAH, ALIGARH, SIMLA, VISITED BY

THE PRINCE, FEBRUARY 21—MARCH 10.



THE COUNTRY AROUND BETTIAH.



BETTIAH PLAINS.



RESERVOIR NEAR BETTIAH.



SIMLA ON THE MALL.



A PICTURESQUE CORNER, SIMLA.



THE VICEREGRAL LODGE, SIMLA.



PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT ALIGARH.



THE PUBLIC GARDENS, ALIGARH.



TEMPLE CARVING AT ALIGARH.



ANOTHER VIEW IN ALIGARH GARDENS.

FAMOUS PRESENT-DAY MASTERS OF FOX-HOUNDS AND STAG-HOUNDS.

DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BOWDEN, WHITLOCK, GRAZEBROOK, MILTON, SHUTER, TOPICAL PRESS, SARONY, COOPER.



1. Mr. O. T. Price (New Forest Staghounds).
2. Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart. (Berks and Bucks Staghounds).
3. Mr. R. A. Sanders (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).
4. Lord Willoughby de Broke (Warwickshire).
5. Mr. R. B. Webster (Old Berkeley East).
6. Earl of Huntingdon (North Staffs').
7. Mr. E. F. W. Arkwright (Oxley).

8. Mr. H. O. Lord (Cotswold).
9. Marquess of Zetland (Marquess of Zetland's).
10. Mr. H. W. Boileau (Old Surrey).
11. Mr. A. J. Skaplant (South Molton Hounds).
12. The Duke of Beaufort (Duke of Beaufort's).
13. Mr. W. G. Lambards (West Kent).
14. Mr. R. H. Gosling (The Garth).
15. Mr. G. Smith Boucquet (Cambridgeshire).

16. Captain F. Ferrier (Quorn).
17. Mr. E. E. Barclay (Puckridge).
18. Mr. W. M. Wrenwick (Wyckley Woodland).
19. Mr. C. W. B. Ferrie (Mr. Ferrie's).
20. Lord H. Nevill (Eridge).
21. Mr. G. C. W. Arkwright (North Warwick).
22. Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam (Mr. Fitzwilliam's).
23. Lord Annesly (Pytchley).

24. Sir W. M. Curtis, Bart. (Ludlow).
25. Mr. C. McNeill (North Cotswold).
26. Captain W. B. McGregor (Surrey).
27. Mr. C. Colbeck (Huntingdon).
28. Mr. F. G. Colman (Surrey Union).
29. Colonel Cardwell (Kartchner).
30. Mr. G. D. Smith (Cromer).
31. Mr. W. Selby-Lowndes (Whaddon Chase).
32. Mr. T. Bay Miller (V. W. H. Miller's).
33. Captain P. Ormond (Craven).
34. Mr. C. McNeill (North Cotswold).
35. Lord Southampton (The Grafton).
36. Mr. Evan Hanbury (Conisore).
37. Hon. Walter Rothschild (acting Master, Lord Rothschild's).
38. Mr. W. Corrion (Dartmoor).
39. Earl Bathurst (V. W. H. Earl Bathurst's).
40. Mr. R. W. McKergow (Southdown).

41. Mr. D. F. Holte (West Somerset).
42. Mr. Gibson Fry (South Hereford).
43. Lord Harrington (Veteran Master Lord Harrington's Pack).
44. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale (Binton).
45. Mr. J. C. Morris (Atherstone).
46. Mr. A. Brassey (Heythrop).
47. Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart. (Belvoir).
48. Lord Rothschild (Lord Rothschild's).



A PICTORIAL COURT CIRCULAR: THE KING IN PARIS, AND OTHER SCENES.



BERLIN'S WELCOME TO PRINCESS EITEL FRITZ.

The Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, now Princess Eitel Fritz, made her State entry into Berlin on February 26. The photograph shows the bride's reception by fifty maids-of-honour wearing wreaths of snowdrops.

PHOTOGRAPH L. E. A.



THE DUKE OF LANCASTER IN PARIS: KING EDWARD LEAVING THE ELYSÉE

The King, travelling incognito as the Duke of Lancaster, arrived in Paris on March 2. On the afternoon of March 4, his Majesty called on M. Fallières at the Elysée.

PHOTOGRAPH "TOPICAL."



KING ALFONSO ENJOYING THE MADRID CARNIVAL.

King Alfonso drove about the streets during the Carnival, and took part in the amusements. He had armed himself with a huge store of confetti and long paper strings to pelt and entangle the passers-by.

STEREOGRAPH UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



THE DUKE OF LANCASTER IN PARIS: THE KING LEAVING THE EMBASSY CHURCH.

Last Sunday the King attended the morning service at the church of the British Embassy in the Rue d'Aguesseau. Crowds cheered the King as he went and came. His Majesty wore the rosette of the Legion of Honour.

PHOTO-NOUVELLES.

THE HEALING TOUCH OF THE SNAKE IN THE HEALTH TEMPLE AT COS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM RESTORATIONS BY DR. RICHARD CATON.



DR. CATON'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PATIENTS' OPEN-AIR SLEEPING-PLACE IN THE HEALTH TEMPLE 2000 YEARS AGO.

The shrine of Asklepios was surrounded on three sides by a portico where the patients slept. At night they were visited by the priest, who, before putting out the lamps, recited the evening prayer to the god of healing. They also exhorted the sick to hope for dreams of Asklepios, and for visits from the sacred snakes, which were free to go where they pleased throughout the precinct. Asklepios was believed to be incarnate in the serpents, and any patient whom they approached and licked was believed to be specially favoured by the god.

(See Article.)

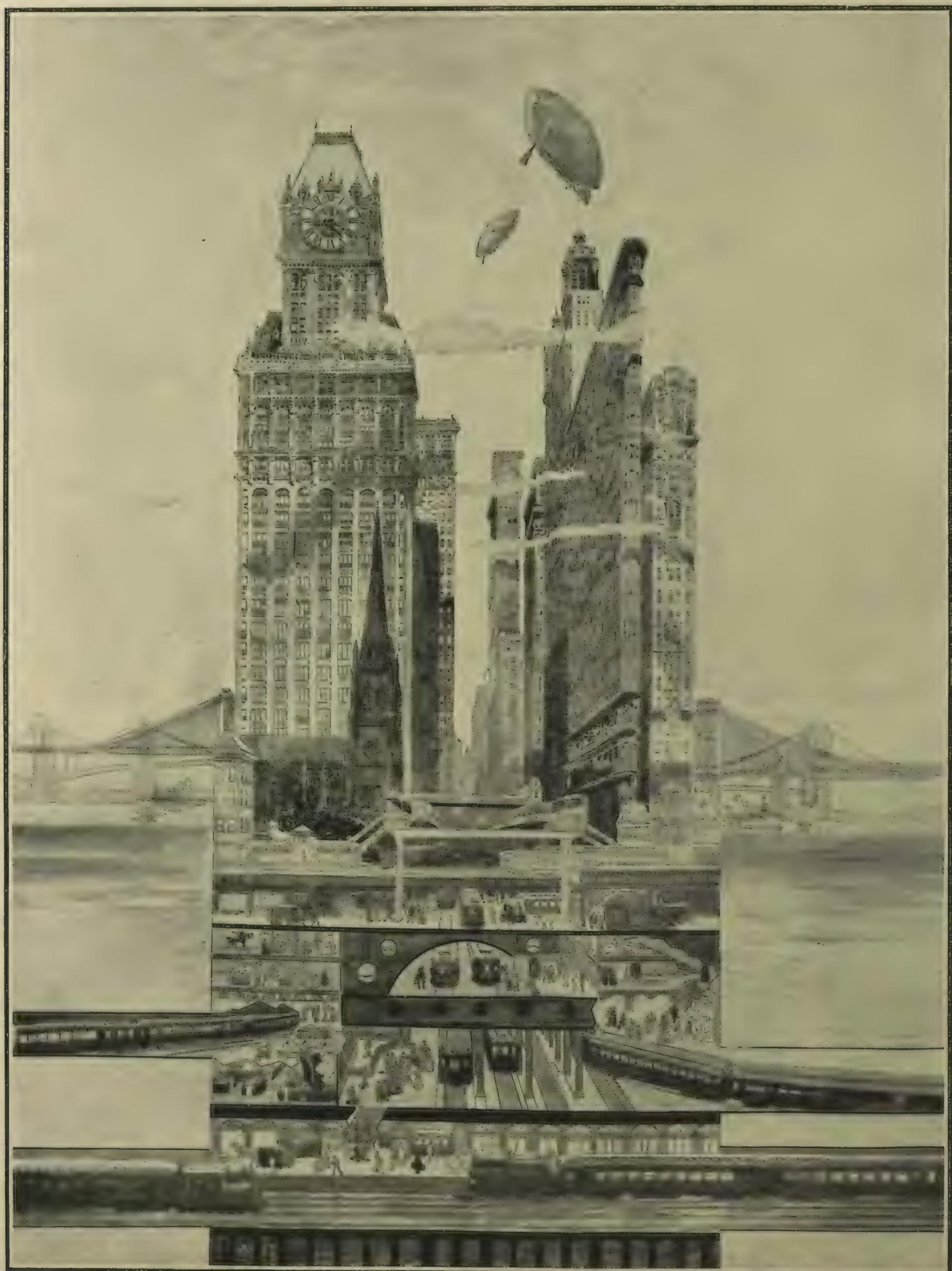


WOMAN'S ONLY PLACE IN PARLIAMENT: BEHIND THE GRILLE IN THE LADIES' GALLERY.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

The question has again arisen of abolishing the Grille through which women-visitors to Parliament are compelled to catch what tortured view of the House they can. The custom is somewhat of a parallel to the Indian zenana. There still remain, however, some women who consider that the institution of the Grille is more dignified, and that to make woman obvious in the House would be an outrage upon its traditions. Since the present Parliament met, the altered social conditions of the House have had their counterpart in the Ladies' Gallery.

MODERN MARVELS OF EVERYDAY LIFE: SECTION OF A NEW YORK STREET.



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH TO THE CLOUDS.

On the right is one of the tallest blocks in New York, Park Row Buildings, of which the cupola rises to a height of three hundred feet. On the left is the Railroad and Iron Exchange Building, now in course of construction. Underground the Metropolitan Subway Tube Railway and the Pennsylvania Railway cross and recross at different levels. There is a veritable town in the bowels of the earth.

MODERN MARVELS OF EVERYDAY LIFE: BUILDING IN AMERICA.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SKY-SCRAPER AND DWARFING OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

In the background is the United States Express building of twenty-three storeys. It has ten elevators, and the shaft for these goes three hundred feet underground. The building is to be the headquarters of the United States Express Company and the Manhattan Elevator Company. It is to cost 2,500,000 dollars, or £500,000.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THERE is something mysterious in the law of "Fore." Links existed before golf; links existed, perhaps, in cretaceous times: certainly before man could construct a ball capable of being used in the game. Links are pleasant places whereon to stroll, whether by the seaside or in inland regions. Public links are common land, or when they belong to a town, as at St. Andrews, they are not interdicted to the contemplative pedestrian. Yet, if I cross the links from a place where I have a right to resort, in the direction of my frugal home, I often hear a stentorian voice shout, "Fore!" I know what "Fore!" means; it means "Look out before," or "in front." I don't look out. My object is to reach my house, and by advancing in that direction I shall ultimately be out of range of the ball. Golf-balls have no terrors for me, they fly never so thick. It is all a matter of habit. A British General of my friends, famous for his singular indifference to Mauser bullets and shell fire, is very nervous in face of a golf-ball, he not being a player or a stroller on links. He cowers before a golf-ball. It is highly probable that I would cower, or run away, or lie down flat, in a shower of bullets, but I am accustomed to golf-balls; so, when anyone yells "Fore!" I proceed, without taking any notice, on my destined path.

Then the man who shouts, shouts again, and cries to his caddie, "Who is that jester?" sometimes adding an epithet to the mysterious word "jester." Now what does the noisy player want me to do? I cannot "softly and suddenly vanish away," like the Boojum. If I were an esoteric Buddhist adept (such as an imaginative German traveller has recently described in the *Occult Review*), I could cause myself to become invisible to the player. The Adept caused the Himalayas to pass away from the view of the German traveller. But I am not an Adept, and I cannot oblige the man who shouts in this particular. Does he expect me to throw myself flat on the soil, perhaps holding up my hands in sign of submission? That were degrading, also insalubrious, as the links are damp. Would it suffice the man if I knelt, or looked frightened, or ran away? But I am already going as fast as is convenient, and I am not at all frightened. Sometimes I say "Drive on!" implying that I take my blood on my own head. I have only been hit thrice, so far, and on one at least of these occasions the player had not called "Fore!"

It is a proof of the illogical nature of passion, excited by a golf-ball impinging on an important part of the human frame, that I was angry with the man for not having cried "Fore!" He, on the other hand, thought the affair an excellent joke, though his ball had not gone nearly so far in the desired direction as it would have done had it not landed on my person. This case proves (as far as a single instance can) that you oblige a golfer and gratify his sense of humour by being hit. Why, then, should he disturb your contemplation of nature by howling "Fore"? What he really wants is to be taken notice of. One gets out of his way as fast as one can, with dignity and comfort, and he sees one doing it. But, if one takes no notice of his outcries, while obliging him to the best of one's ability, he says "Jester!" "A term inexplicable to the Muse," but probably not a term of adulation. In my opinion, the Scottish Parliament which, about 1450, decided that "the game callit the Goff be cryit down," was very sensible, for a Parliament.

It was lately (Jan. 6) asked in this column whether Charles Lever, in "Charles O'Malley," invented the story about a young fellow "overing" Napoleon in the manner of leap-frog, when he came on the hero in the attitude appropriate to that pastime, his back to the young fellow, his arms crossed, and his head bowed? Or did Lever take the incident from the story told by the Duchesse d'Abrantès, to the effect that the painter Isabey actually "overed" Napoleon, not recognising him?

A correspondent writes that the author of "The Journal of a Nobleman" (1831) says that he met Isabey at Vienna (1815) and saw a portrait by him of Napoleon walking with his arms crossed. He asked Isabey whether the hero was accustomed to stroll in that attitude?

"Unquestionably," said Isabey, "and that, together with his other habit of stooping his head, at one time almost proved fatal to me." He then said, and here his version varies from that of the Duchesse, that, after a dinner with one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, at Malmaison, they all went into the gardens, and played leap-frog. After "overing" several men, Isabey saw another, in the proper attitude, at the end of an avenue. He took his run, missed his take off, and instead of clearing the man, lighted on his neck, knocked him down, and rolled over with him for a distance of ten yards. Napoleon arose, foaming with rage, and drew his sword! Isabey sprinted, the conqueror after him, sword in hand. A ditch barred the way. Isabey took it in his stride, the Emperor, or rather the First Consul, craned at the ditch, and Isabey hurried to Paris, and put himself at the mercy of Joséphine. She soothed her lord, who, at first, had commanded Isabey never to appear at the Tuilleries again. When he was at last admitted, Napoleon patted him on the cheek, and said, "Really, Sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly." The story is better than that of the Duchesse, who makes the incident occur, not during a game of leap-frog in the open air (as in fact, and in Lever's book) but in the house. Lever probably took the story from "The Journal of a Nobleman," and Madame d'Abrantès forgot the true details. Memoirs written long after the event are, almost always, most untrustworthy materials.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

E J WINTER WOOD (Paignton).—Thanks for the problems, which are always welcome.

P DALY (Brighton).—And you are keeping both good company with a radical mistake. 1. B to B 6th will not solve the problem.

J A CORSTORPHIN-WILSON (Hanwell).—The key-move to No. 3221 is Kt to Kt 7th. We fear you must try again at No. 3225.

R BEE.—Your analysis is quite correct, as far as it goes, as not one of the moves quoted gives the key.

H P R F WARD.—We cannot make it more than a draw for White, even if it is that. After K to B sq, R to Kt 5th forces either Q takes P (ch), which leads to nothing, Q to Kt 8th (ch), which we think no better, or Q to K 5th, when there is no winning continuation. On the whole, we would sooner have Black's forces, but we cannot prove an issue either way.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3213 and 3214 received from J E Valparaiso); of No. 3220 from Girindra Chandra Mukherjee (Mukttagacha, India); of No. 3222 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3223 from Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne) and D B R (Oban); of No. 3224 from Rev. A Mays (Bedford) and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Cortland); of No. 3225 from S M Singh (Oxford), H S Brandreth (Rome), The Tid, D R B (Oban), S J England (South Woodford), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F R Pickering (Forest Hill, Sorrento), T Roberts, W Marks (Belfast), E G Rodway (Frowbridge, Sconic, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Hereward, E J Winter-Wood, C E Perugini, H J Plumb (Sandhurst), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Shadforth, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

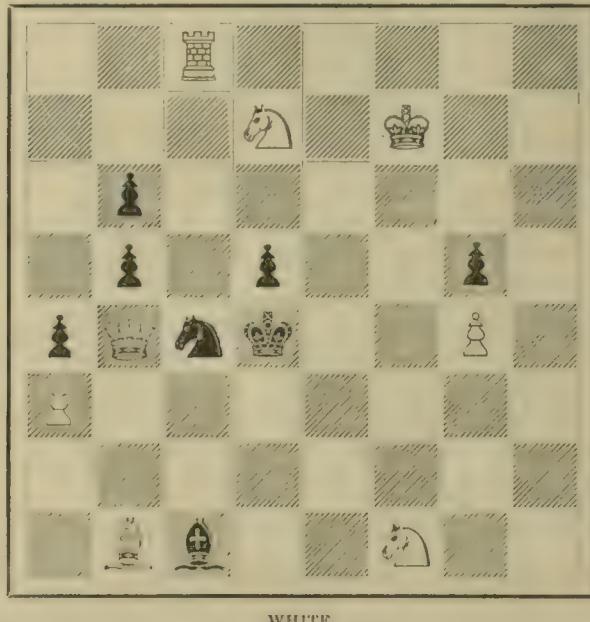
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3226 received from A F Manning (Liverpool), F A Hancock (Bristol), E J Winter-Wood, and George Smith (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3225.—By G. F. K. PACKER.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to K R 8th	Any move
2. R, Kt, or B mates.	

PROBLEM No. 3228.—By THE LATE F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

By F. HEALEY.

White.—K at Q B 4th, Q at Q R 3rd, Kt at Q B 6th, B at Q Kt 6th, Ps at Q R 5th, and K Kt 4th.

Black.—K at K 5th, B at K B 5th, Kt at K 8th, Ps at K 4th, and K Kt 4th.

White mates in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between MESSRS. FOX and MARSHALL at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Evidently intending to imitate a strong combination, but overlooking what resulted when Black Castled.	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
3. P to K Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th		
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	II.	Q takes B
5. B to Kt 2nd	B to K 3rd	Putting White in a hopeless position. Had he Castled first the advantage would have remained in his hands, but now two pieces are en prise, and one must fall if any other line than the text play is adopted.	Castles
6. K Kt to K 2nd	P to K R 4th		
Showing aggressive intentions at the earliest possible moment.			
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	12. B to R 3rd	B takes B
8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt	Putting White in a hopeless position. Had he Castled first the advantage would have remained in his hands, but now two pieces are en prise, and one must fall if any other line than the text play is adopted.	
9. P takes Kt	B to Q 4th	13. Q takes B	Kt to B 3rd
10. Q to K 2nd (ch)	B to K 2nd	14. Kt takes Kt	Q takes R (ch)
11. B takes B		15. K to Q 2nd	Q takes R
White resigns.			

Game played at the Chicago Chess Club between Messrs. EPFENS and LUTTON.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. Kt to R 4th	P to Kt 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. P takes P	P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q to B 2nd	Kt to B 4th
4. R to K Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	19. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
5. P to K 5th	P to K R 3rd	20. B to Kt 4th	P to B 5th
6. B to Q 2nd	B takes Kt	21. B takes B (ch)	Q takes B
7. P takes B	Kt to K 5th	22. P to K 3rd	
8. B to Q 3rd	Kt takes B	23. Q takes Kt (P)	P takes P
White misses no opportunities, and it is a pleasure to follow the masterly ending with which he now forces the win. For the next nine moves Black has absolutely not a single choice in his replies.			
9. Q takes Kt	P to Q B 4th	24. R to B 4th	R to K Kt 5th
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	25. Q R to K B sq	R to Kt 2nd
11. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 5th	26. P to K 6th	Q to K 2nd
Virtually shutting his Queen's Bishop out of the game.			
12. B to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd	27. P takes P (ch)	R to B sq
13. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th	28. R to K sq	Q to Kt 4th
14. K to R sq	Kt to K 2nd	29. R to K 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
15. Q to K sq	P to Kt 3rd	30. Q to R 4th	R takes P
Kt to Kt 3rd would give him some chance of freedom. These Pawn moves only fritter it away.			
31. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd	32. R takes R (ch)	Resigns.

The great success of the Ostend Tournament last year has led to the organisation of another for 1906, under the management of Mr. I. Gunsberg. The funds available for prize money will be at least £1200, and it is hoped, in addition to a masters' and an amateur competition, to arrange a contest restricted to five or six of the world's foremost players—if it can be agreed upon who they are. The official inauguration of the Congress will take place on June 2, and a formal programme will be issued shortly.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR LOST LAND.

YEAR by year the subject of the lost land of Britain grows in importance. Surrounded as we are by the sea, and subject to the constant attack of the waves, the diminution of the King's home dominions becomes a question which sooner or later will have to be seriously faced. Already deputations from sea-coast towns have waited on the powers that be, by way of enforcing the argument that the arrest of the sea's victories over the land must be made a matter of national importance. Truth to tell, the affair is of too great a magnitude to be dealt with by local measures.

The nation should be aroused to a sense of what it owes to itself in the way of the conservation of its land. The awakening of public opinion regarding the necessity for prompt measures being devised for the repelling of sea-attack, will be the first, and indeed the only, mode of compelling the Government to give serious consideration to the question. If, as the geologists tell us, we lose annually in Britain a mass of land equal in extent to Gibraltar, it may be an easy matter for these scientists to calculate the period it will take well-nigh to annihilate certain areas of our country. We are told that on our East Coast alone there is swept away every year a land-mass equal to the island of Heligoland.

The rate at which erosion or eating away of the land by the sea takes place depends naturally on the nature of the materials on which the waves break their force and vengeance. When the materials consist of soft clay, gravel, and chalk, the rate of sea-inroad is very rapid. The Dover cliffs bear testimony to this fact. Where, as on the extreme North-East coast, we find hard rocks, basalts and the like, the rate of wear and tear, of course, is appreciably lessened. The sea, moreover, in dealing with even hard rocks, has a very distinct plan of invasion. It will undermine a cliff, for example. It will use the detached boulders as a kind of marine artillery, the waves seizing them and hurling them against the rocks. The undermined cliff topples over and falls, and the waves play round the detached mass until it is worn away. Sometimes the attack assumes a different guise. The waves beat against a cliff and tunnel it through, leaving thus a natural archway such as the locality around Torquay illustrates very aptly. Then, in time, the top of the arch falls in, and the outer side appears as the lone sea-stack or pillar. This in due season is also worn down by degrees, until it appears as the tangle-covered rock over which the waves are ever breaking.

To be convinced of the immense loss of land for which the sea is responsible, one has only to consult geological works and Ordnance-Survey records. We must distinguish, here, between land lost by the sinking of the earth's crust and land actually demolished by the sea, though, truth to tell, the results in both cases have to be placed to the loss side of the account. If you find a submerged forest, with the stumps of the trees visible below low-water mark, you know you are facing land subsidence. The land has sunk, and the sea has flowed over it. Where, however, the sea actually batters the land into fragments, this is loss of another kind. It is the actual destruction of land, and not merely a deficit due to land's disappearance below the sea-level. I have said that geological records are full of illustrations of the immense loss of land which sea-attack represents. Take the case of Yorkshire, for example. From Tees' mouth to Humber mouth there is continual waste and loss of land represented. Professor Phillips said that the rate at which the cliffs recede from Bridlington to Spurn, a distance of thirty-six miles, equals on an average two yards and a quarter yearly. Estimated for thirty-six miles of coast, the total amount of loss is about thirty acres. Further calculated, the loss since the Norman Conquest amounts to one mile in breadth, and more than two miles since York, the old Eboracum, was occupied by the Romans.

In old Yorkshire maps there are sites of towns marked as Auburn, Hartburn, and Hyde. To-day, these sites are represented by sandbanks. Near Hornsea there was a street called Hornsea Beck, which has long ago been swallowed up. Ravenspur, or Ravensburgh, a rival as a port to Hull, was well known in 1332, for Edward Baliol and the English Barons sailed from it to invade Scotland. In 1399, Henry IV. landed here to adjust matters with Richard II. Now not a trace of Ravenspur remains. The history of Reculver, on the coast of Kent, though well known, will bear repetition here. The church of that name is a conspicuous object on the coast line between Margate and Herne Bay. The name Regulivium was applied to the place by the Romans. It was one of their military stations. As late as the time of Henry VIII. it was a mile distant from the sea. In 1741 a goodly space intervened between the church and the beach. To-day the church stands on the cliff edge. An artificial embankment has checked the further inroads of the sea, and the dismantled edifice to-day has been used by the Trinity Board as a landmark to mariners.

Ancient villages in Norfolk have also vanished, to wit, Eccles, Wimperell, and Shipden. All that remains of Eccles is the tower of the church. In 1605 Eccles petitioned King James to reduce the taxes, because 300 acres had been swept away. All the houses, save fourteen, had disappeared. The place knows houses no more, and sand-hills reign supreme. They covered up the church tower as late as 1839. In 1862 a storm removed the sand, leaving the tower unprotected with the waves at its feet.

Doubtless, some compensation exists by way of counterbalancing this terrible loss of land. Man can reclaim and wrest land from the sea. He can build embankments and limit its attack. Also, land rises as well as sinks; but it is to be feared in the cosmopolitan profit-and-loss account the balance is on the wrong side. At the very least, I repeat, the attention of the nation deserves to be speedily directed to what can be nothing short of a continuous calamity. ANDREW WILSON.

'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!'—CARLYLE.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

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'RICH FROM THE VERY WANT OF WEALTH, IN HEAVEN'S BEST TREASURES, PEACE AND HEALTH.'

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO, LTD., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

ART NOTES.

THE second section of the International Society's exhibition having been opened by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Londoners are invited to probe the heart of modernity in the arts. It is not altogether clear that Londoners in general should or will avail themselves with zest of this opportunity of probing, for this is not exactly a "clean case." Parisian draughtsmen of the day have so sacrificed and renounced the beautiful and the ideal that they must go only to the music-hall or the café to find realities of sufficient baseness. Even there beauty cannot altogether be eluded. M. Degas has not been able to escape from beauty wherever he has worked, and M. Forain, if he has seen, has never been able to reproduce the ugliness of his city's life. But Degas and Forain are apart from most of their compatriots. Almost alone among their school have they a redeeming strength—one the strength of his perception of beauty, the other the strength of an antagonism towards the ugly.

Roughly speaking, the South Room at the New Gallery is filled with French drawings and prints, the West Room with German drawings and prints, the North Room with American drawings and prints, and the Balcony with international drawings and prints. The Central Hall is also international, but is devoted to sculpture, and sculpture has strayed into each of the rooms; Rodin's wonderfully expressive "Paolo and Francesca" being near to his equally wonderfully inexpressive drawings; and Signor Rosso's lovely work is set up against both German and English walls. M. Rodin's "Le Baiser," his "Paolo and Francesca," and his bust of Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., have been lately noticed in these columns. And they stand supreme, even if the bust of "the best-looking man in the House" is not one of M. Rodin's intimate efforts. The English politician in general, and an ex-Irish Secretary in particular, may be admitted the wearing of a mask, a mask which in this case has protected the man of feeling from professional assaults, and even hidden him, in part, from the peering eyes of the French sculptor.

Signor Rosso's work stands well even in the same gallery as M. Rodin's. It is the new sculpture, the impressionist sculpture. Certainly the art has entered, at the signal of these two masters, new territory, even a new continent, although centuries ago the maker of the divine bust at the Lille Museum spied out the distant coast that has now at last been reached. The work of M. Rodin and Signor Rosso must be seen, not described; for the terms that have served in the description of sculpture heretofore would not convey its seeming or sense. The adjectives that have paid court to painting must be appropriated to the new art. The "Impression d'Enfant" has the breadth of treatment of a "Rembrandt" of a late period. The light (and Signor Rosso calculates his light) falls with most interesting effect upon this subtle study of child-feature and child-expression. Signor Rosso deals much in shadows: great forethought has arranged the very shape of the lovely shadow that lies under the drooping face of "L'Enfant Malade." The fleeting lines of a smile are extraordinarily caught in waxen permanence in "La Rieuse"; and the very atmosphere of age and feebleness clings around the figure of the "Malade à l'Hôpital."

It is inevitable that in a collection of international work international comparisons should be made. Let the true-born Englishman hold his head high, not that he is disproportionately represented, but because the drawings that are English are the most beautiful in the exhibition. Mr. Brabazon contributes some twenty landscapes, which show that this country still possesses the master water-colourist of the time. In "From the Rigi" and "Nice" one gets the glimpse of the real draughtsman, whose draughtsmanship may be expressed in a single hasty stroke of the brush. And where abroad could be found so delicately decorative a sense as that shown in Mr. Conder's panel? Not certainly in Menzel's Germany or in the France of Louis

Legrand or C. Leandre. And what artist abroad can so catch the lion untamed upon paper as Mr. J. M. Swan, who shows here seven drawings of his own high-water mark? In the balcony Mr. E. J. Sullivan has a more soaring ambition—and ambition is a noble quality in Art—than any of his foreign fellows. There, too, Mr. Joseph Pennell's finished method is well exemplified. Mr. James Pryde's most fantastic mood is shown in "Sir Henry Irving as Dubosc"; Mr. Horace Mann Livens's cocks and hens are as true fowl of the farmyard as they have ever been—decorative fowl, of course.

A strong note of the exhibition is the large collection of the drawings of Adolf von Menzel, many of which have been generously lent by the Berlin National Gallery. These in particular are excellent. Wholesome and honest appears the genius of this man among the straying and perverse talents of the modern French School. And his honesty does not mean that he has been less alert to see life in all its phases; he was always an acute observer.

W. M.



THE CHALLENGE SHIELD
OF THE MOTOR UNION OF
WESTERN INDIA
WON BY AN ARGYLL CAR.

patriots. Almost alone among their school have they a redeeming strength—one the strength of his perception of beauty, the other the strength of an antagonism towards the ugly.



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I am 52 lb. lighter

than I was before taking Antipon. But better still, I feel so thoroughly set up in health, so strong and well, so very different from the breathless tired woman I have been of late years, I have spoken of it to many friends, and two ladies I know have commenced the treatment; possibly several others who do not care to admit the fact. It is nearly two months since I left off taking Antipon, and

I have not gained an ounce in weight, so I think I may regard my cure as permanent. Now I never should have written this letter if I had not been certain that my name and address would not be made public; but if any poor lady suffering from excessive stoutness would be encouraged to try your treatment and obtain the benefit I have obtained, I should not object to your giving her, privately, my name and address, and I would answer any questions put to me. I only regret that I suffered more than half my life before hearing of Antipon.

"P.S.—I may say that it was a chemist's assistant now in London who recommended your Antipon."

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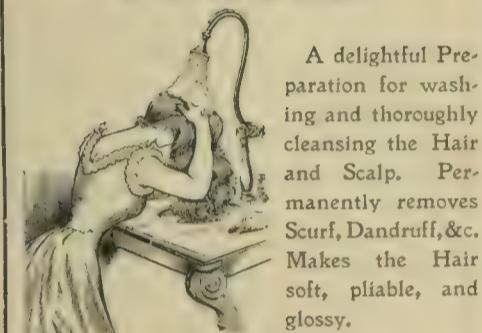
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THE
POLISHER

LADIES' PAGES.

THE QUEEN is wearing a great deal of crape on her mourning for her father. This indicates a change of opinion on her part from the time when the Duke of Clarence died, as then she wore black without the least addition of the conventional mourning material. Not much has been heard recently of the Mourning Reform Association, which used energetically to discourage the display of emblems of woe, mainly on the ground of consideration for the poor, who are apt to spend upon funeral observances and raiment too large a portion of the small means that are urgently required for the good of the living. But there is much to be said in favour of using an appropriate garb to indicate a recent family bereavement, as might be inferred from the fact that in all nations such a custom is followed—a sure sign that the custom is in harmony both with social convenience and natural feeling. Of course, it is a pure convention; and while habit teaches us to regard black as the only appropriately sombre tint to express our loss through our garments, some other nations find good reason for employing brighter and sometimes most brilliant colours. The Chinese ladies use white, and, strange to say, in this they follow both the Spartan and ancient Roman custom. The reason that is given for this choice is that the spotless colour symbolises the purity of the spirit when severed from the corruptions of the body. Blue, the colour of the unclouded sky, is used in some Mohammedan countries as an emblem of the bright happiness which it is hoped the dead enjoy. Purple, which is the royal mourning colour (it will be remembered that the King gave orders that the streets should be hung with purple as mourning for Queen Victoria), expresses the mixture in the feelings of earthly sorrow and hope for the future; while yellow, which is used in parts of Italy and elsewhere, is believed to symbolise the end of life by being the tint of the fading vegetation of the end of the year.

It was a graceful action on her Majesty's part to make her present to the housekeeper of Sandringham, on the occasion of her marriage to the head gamekeeper, a handsome piece of jewellery instead of a merely utilitarian gift. The pearl and diamond pendant on a platinum chain which her Majesty presented to her faithful servant might read a lesson to some mistresses of less exalted rank, who take it upon themselves to grumble if they see their domestic helpers wearing ornaments. Princess Victoria, with the Prince of Wales's children, attended the wedding ceremony. By the way, I see that several of the newspapers misprint the very original Christian name of the young lady who was in attendance on the Princess on this as well as on other recent occasions. The name is really quite an exceptional one, for Miss "Louvima" Knollys's Christian name was compounded for her out of the first letters of



THE MODERN EMPIRE GOWN.

A lovely lace dress draped for an Empire bodice, banded with ribbon, is laid over a fitted under-dress of white glacé silk. Ribbon also decorates the top of the flounce.

the names of the King's three daughters, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud.

The first swallows are not more certain harbingers of summer than the announcements of charity amusements are of the approach of the London season. The annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society has been held at 1, Belgrave Square from March 8 to 10. The Duchess of Albany performed the opening ceremony on one of the days. This is always an interesting display; the *clou* on this occasion was an exhibit of etchings executed by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. From April 5 to 12 inclusive, the Grafton Galleries will be occupied by an exhibition of "Health, Beauty, and the Toilet," which is being organised by Mrs. Ada Ballin, and is under the patronage of the Countess of Bradford, the Countess of Coventry, Lady Louise Loder, Lady Colin Campbell, Mrs. Asquith, and many other society leaders. Anybody who has an invention to display, in dress for health or beauty, toilet accessories, foods and cookery appliances, for children's health and training, or, in short, anything that can be brought under the heading given, can display the articles and can get further information from 5, Agar Street, Strand. One of the most original features is to be a beauty competition. The award is to be given to the handsomest man, woman, and child respectively, as judged from photographs to be exhibited.

Several instances of women following unusual professions have recently been recorded. A young woman at Blackburn has acted as clerk of the works for her father in the erection of a large theatre, overseeing the builders and their labourers, and paying their wages in the usual way. One of the London vestries, it appears, has long had a woman filling the unpleasant post of mortuary-keeper. The Legislature of South Carolina has appointed a woman State Librarian; and several women have been nominated by the Governors of various States to act as members of a Commission which has been ordered by President Roosevelt to report on the desirability of establishing uniform marriage and divorce laws for the whole of the United States, instead of leaving each State free, as now, to legislate on this subject for itself. The Dresden Gewerbe-Haus Orchestra has had appointed as its new concert-master and first violin Fräulein Gertrude Steiner: for such a post to be given to a lady is quite an unprecedented step for Germany, though for some time past one of the best-known orchestras of the United States has been so managed. It was founded by Mr. Lamond, and on his death his daughter quietly and successfully stepped into his place.

Each nation makes progress in its treatment of its women in its own way;



BY ROYAL WARRANT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

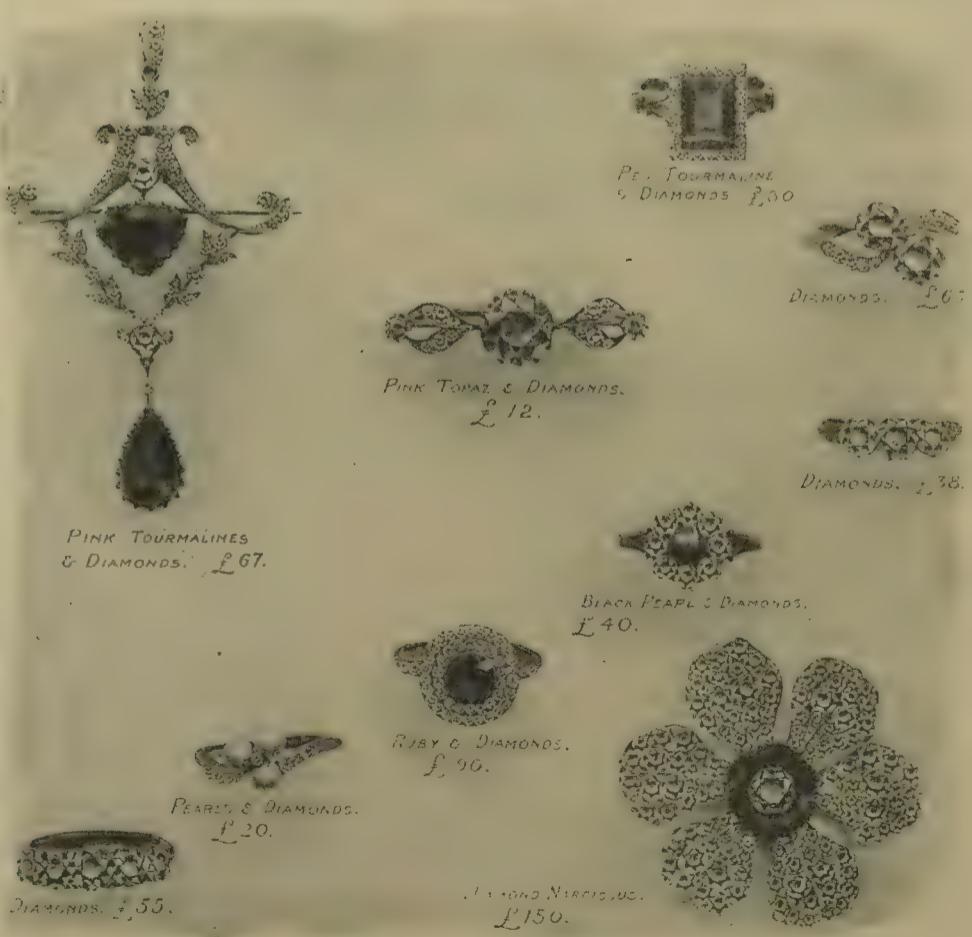
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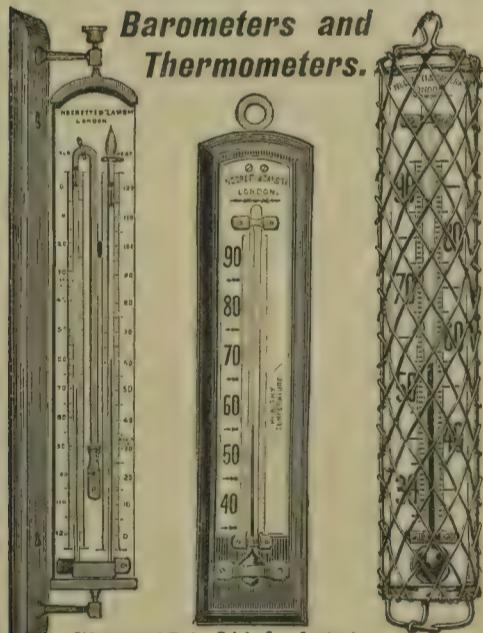
Preserves, Beautifies, Restores it. Without it the hair becomes dry, thin, and withered. Golden colour for fair hair. It closely resembles the

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in the hair which nature provides for its preservation. No other article has this effect. Invaluable for Ladies' and Children's Hair. Sizes, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. Of Stores, Chemists, and **ROWLAND'S**, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes and buy only the real article.

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"I have found 'Tatcho' of distinct
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"'Tatcho' is wonderful, and all
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"THE WHISKY CASE"

SCOTCH WHISKY
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON,
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were all the changes that have been made in the last half-century to be adopted by any one country what a remarkable state of affairs it would appear! France has made the least advance in most respects; yet there women have been admitted to the Bar; and the coveted decoration of the Legion of Honour has gradually been extended to our sex. The first woman to be decorated with the cross in civil life was the Empress Eugénie, upon whom it was conferred by her husband in recognition of her extraordinary courage in visiting the patients in the cholera hospitals. Not only did the then young and beautiful Empress thus risk her life in Paris, but she also made a special journey to Amiens to visit the hospital there when the disease was at its height. Passing round the wards in company with the nun head nurse, the Empress spoke to a dying man, who, seeing dimly, answered her, "Yes, sister." "It is not I who speak to you," said the nun, "it is her Majesty the Empress." "Ah, do not rebuke him!" said the Empress, "he gave me the sweeter title." The Cross of the Legion of Honour which she thus obtained the Empress gave away in an equally noble manner. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur had gained with one of her great pictures an Exhibition award which, in the case of a male artist, would have carried with it the much-to-be-desired red ribbon; but the Emperor had been advised not to confer it upon her, as it had never been given to a woman in civil life (although the founder of the Order, the First Napoleon, had conferred it two or three times on his army's *vivandières* for courage in the field). The Empress sent to inform Rosa Bonheur of her intention to visit her studio, and when the great lady had seen the pictures and was leaving, she embraced the illustrious artist, and with the same action pinned upon her breast her own Cross of the Legion of Honour. Then, turning to the Emperor, she gracefully begged him to ratify her action, and he could not refuse. Since that time some ladies eminent in philanthropy have been admitted to the Order, and it may be inferred that it has now been decided to place women of sufficient distinction on the list equally with men; for the award of the Legion of Honour a few months ago to Madame Bartet, the leading actress of the Comédie Française, has just been followed by the decoration of Madame Madeline Lemaire, who is probably the greatest living flower-painter.

Lent has always a certain influence upon dress, and partly accounts for the prevalence of violet tints now in the shop windows; but this is going to be a blue year if the indication given by advance models in millinery is to be trusted. One large shop has made a special display of the new hydrangea blue, while all the other delicate tones of the same lovely spring sky colour are represented in the fresh stock of flowers, feathers, and trimmed models. The Paris hats have generally rather wild trimmings on them; they are trimmed frequently with aigrettes made up from feathers



A CHIC VISITING COSTUME.

The corselet skirt in chiffon velvet falls in gracefully wide folds, and the little coat of white silk accordion-pleating trimmed with velvet of the same shade as the gown is a very smart finish.

The hat shows a plume of the latest kind.

from the plumage of the domestic fowl; these are set dashing madly upwards on a great many of the newest chapeaux, while in other cases the feather plumes remind one of ripe oat-ears. Then, again, ostrich feathers of aspiring shape and somewhat gaudy tint are also placed at daring angles with the shapes, sticking abruptly out at the side or the back, or standing upright. All these decorations are upstanding more or less rampantly, and the models strike the English eye as having a wild look, so *très hauts empanachés*. Other shapes are much smaller, but all seem designed to be put on tipped over very much to the right side. Round and rather high "domed" or "thimble-shaped" crowns are much seen, and these are often covered with tightly-drawn glacé silk, plain or embroidered. Beautiful dyes are found available for straw plait, and of this not only the shapes, but the trimmings also are often composed.

A passing fashionable fancy is to fasten on the hat visibly with two pins mounted with large balls of blonde tortoiseshell, run into the hat so as to show very plainly. The pins are put in quite to the front of the hat, and left standing out a little from the trimming in such a way as to add themselves to the rest of the garniture. Big carved tortoiseshell combs, such as the Spanish ladies wear, are also gaining a certain vogue; they are used chiefly in the evening coiffure, but they are useful also when the shape of the hat requires support to hold it up behind. Many of us possess one or two of these large and handsome combs laid aside as a hitherto useless legacy from our ancestresses. The anticipated royal marriage has made the practically useful production of these large Spanish combs now possible; and if the hair is cleverly and suitably arranged, the high comb is very *chic*. The prevailing fashion in dressing the hair remains rather wide and high, but without exaggeration; the Pompadour front in its serenity is giving way a little, perhaps, in favour of large rolls of the hair, "en marron," gracefully waved.

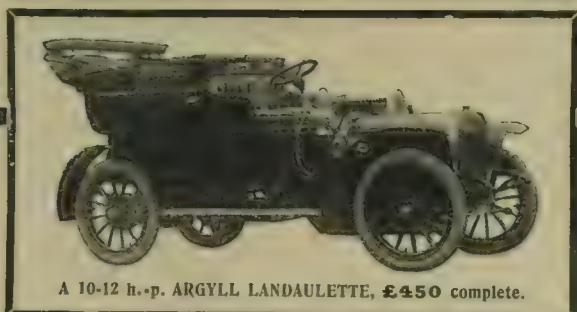
Green is to be one of the colours of the spring, it is said, and tender tones of it will be harmoniously united with the prevailing cerulean hue. The crude mixture of dark green and navy blue is not indicated, but in the more delicate shades the two colours harmonise like the meadows and the skies in spring. There is also a new brown, with a shade of yellow in it; that is successful combined with a touch of green. The value of a mere narrow vest or piping of a brighter colour on a dark groundwork of costume need not be insisted upon; a plain colour, black, purple, brown, or grey, is lifted out of the realms of commonplace by a judiciously chosen admixture of blue, pale green, heliotrope, or gold. A purple face-cloth with a plain skirt and a three-quarter length coat having a narrow vest of wood-violet cloth fastened with gold buttons and cuffs to match, is an illustration; so is a brown close-fitting corsage with a vest of pale blue embroidered with gold soutache braid.

FILOMENA.

Yan Houten's Cocoa



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BRIGADIER GERARD." AT THE IMPERIAL.

PROBABLY Mr. Lewis Waller would be well advised if he treated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new cape-and-sword play of Napoleonic times, "Brigadier Gerard," as an out-and-out farce, and converted by more conscious burlesque acting what seems to have been intended for romantic drama into a deliberate travesty. Thus, at any rate, he would disguise the initial

centred in a sort of Maskelyne cabinet, into which first the hero was locked, and afterwards he trapped his cunning enemy, the house insisted on regarding the whole story as riotously farcical. Certainly it is hard to understand why Sir Arthur's Napoleon, still master of vast legions at the time of which the playwright treats, though on the eve of eclipse, should be so anxious to secure a mere packet of documents; but even more inconceivable is the great man's choice of the most brainless of his officers to compete with the keen wit of a Talleyrand. But let

His Gerard is well backed up by Mr. A. E. George's scolding Napoleon; and if Mr. O'Neill's Talleyrand is too much of a transpontine villain, and Miss Evelyn Millard's beauty and charm are wasted on the colourless rôle of the Countess who owns the letters, it is the author alone who is to blame.

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

If Mr. Ernest Denny's new comedy, with its Barrie-like title, "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," has made a great



Photo. Bauer.
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Save the Cathedral at Trondhjem, the Haakon Hall is the oldest building in Norway. On the left is the hall, in the centre the commander's house, and next is the Walkendorf Tower. The whole group of buildings is to be reconstructed for the use of the King and Queen, who will reside in the commander's house. The hall will be used for festivals.

error of his dramatist, who appears to have thought that he could retain playgoers' sympathies for a hero who unites all the Gascon braggadocio and fiery courage of a d'Artagnan with a stupidity that places him at a total disadvantage with clever foes, and makes him win all his successes by sheer luck, and quite despite himself. Last Saturday's first-night audience soon made up its mind as to the way in which it regarded the play—it laughed far more at than with poor Gerard, and when once the scene was reached in which all interest

this mad paper-chase be regarded as no less burlesque an adventure than that which fills so large a place in Mr. Bernard Shaw's Napoleonic skit, "A Man of Destiny," and the new piece at the Imperial, with its Dumasian exuberance of incident and its clever portrait of a stupid dare-devil, can be thoroughly enjoyed. Resonant as ever in declamation, gallant in aspect, alert and masterful in manner, Mr. Waller sets a fine, dashing pace for the story, and has rarely been more happily inspired than in his study of the future Brigadier.

Gallay. Madame Merelli.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
THE PARIS BANK SWINDLE: GALLAY AND MADAME MERELLI
BEFORE THE COURT.

Gallay, the French bank clerk, who swindled the Comptoir d'Escompte out of £35,000, and fled to Brazil with Madame Merelli, was sentenced at the Seine Assizes to seven years' hard labour. Madame Merelli was acquitted. Gallay declared that the woman had been his ruin, and that it was to gratify her extravagance that he had committed fraud.

success, as it is reported to have done, at the Duke of York's Theatre, then that success must be attributed to the vivacity and high spirits with which Miss Marie Tempest, one of the most accomplished and fascinating of all our comédiennes, endows its silly little Irish heroine. Not that Miss Tempest exactly realises one's conception of an Irish girl—the actress's brogue comes and goes in a rather astonishing fashion, and her temperament, of course, has more in common with Paris than with Dublin. Still, her delightful verve, in

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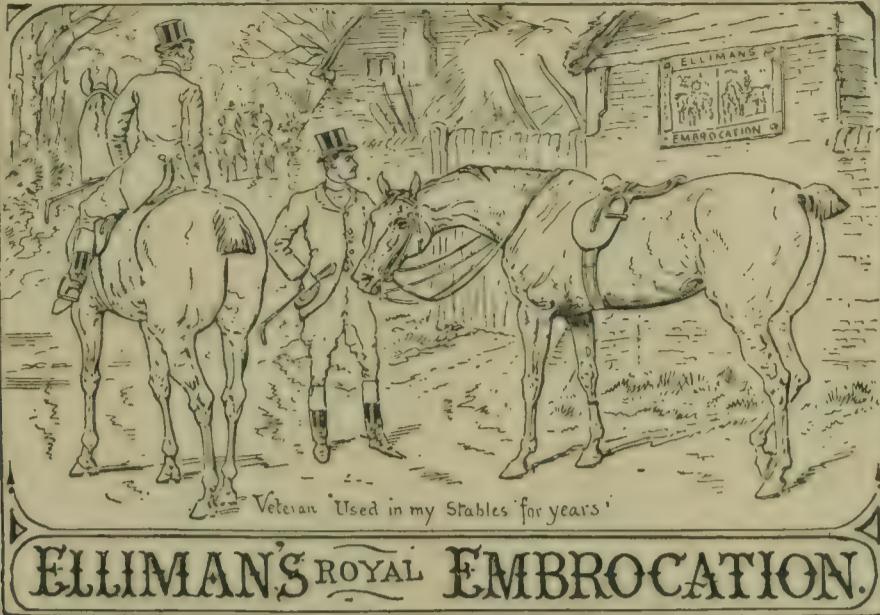
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nice contrast with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier's phlegmatic manner, keeps the play from becoming too tiresome, conventional, and wholly unconvincing as its story. The entire piece, which begins tamely and ends perfunctorily, is built round one preposterous situation, in which the heroine compromises herself by spending the night at a man's flat, he being absent, and shows a singular naïveté as to the heinousness of her indiscretion. The scene, however, is handled with no little humour by the author, and with agreeable delicacy by Mr. Du Maurier and Miss Tempest.

"PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD."
AT THE COURT.

There is no use blinking the fact that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has no real instinct for the stage, and one can only wonder that such shrewd men of business as the Court managers should have thought of presenting so essentially "literary" a drama—in other words, so essentially undramatic a work—as "Pan and the Young Shepherd." Half masque, half Shaksperian imitation, this "pastoral comedy," which with its curious mixture of heathen mythology and Christian faith, of rude village clowns and queenly earth-nymphs, affords very pretty reading in the study, makes but puzzling and dull entertainment in the playhouse, because there is no grip or development in the story, no logical necessity for its very capricious action. The one genuine piece of drama in the play is the not too pleasant scene in which the village maiden, Merla, surrenders herself to the amorous earth-god, Pan, and so bribes him to allow the hapless nymph, Aglae, to return to her boy lover. The one really affecting feature of the interpretation is the picture of sad-eyed misery presented by Miss Grace Lane in the character of this Aglae, who has been stricken dumb by wrathful Pan and is nevertheless chosen in preference to her sisters by the beautiful youth, Neanias. As for the dancing of the nymphs, it is made in the Court representation too reminiscent altogether of musical comedy; while their courtship of Neanias (a character interpreted very pleasingly by Mr. Ainley) simply provokes ill-natured merriment.

"THE INDECISION OF MR. KINGSBURY."
AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. Kingsbury's "lack" of decision in the amusing little play which Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox has adapted so neatly from the French for the Haymarket has not communicated itself to spectators of the house, or made them hesitate about flocking to this popular theatre. The piece, in fact, reached its hundredth performance

MUSIC.

ALTHOUGH music must needs be explained in terms of literature, there is little excuse for the man or woman who, in writing about music, allows an imagination that is purely literary to run riot. In dealing with music, of which it has been well said that the whole criterion is in a sense subjective, we have to look for guidance to our own critical method. No set standard exists, and when a man makes a serious attempt to sum up the art-work of a musician he will require an ample measure of restraint to avoid the ever-present temptation of letting a purely literary sense dominate his treatment of the subject, and no little self-discipline to hold an imagination naturally susceptible to musical impressions well in check. In a book called "Master Singers," written by Filson Young, and now presented in a new edition by E. Grant Richards, we find purely literary and imaginative interpretations of certain work of the first importance, notably the "Pastoral Symphony," Bach's Organ Fugues, and Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony. The essays, some of which are so obviously the work of a very young man that the explanation contained in the preface is quite superfluous, are charming as the expression of the effect of music upon a sensitive personality. As criticism, however, they are worthless, because they are personal impressions of music, and do not even seek to judge it by any settled standard of appreciation. Exuberance, which is the keynote of most of the papers, is sometimes associated with inaccuracy—for example, when Mr. Young says that Wagner, when he wrote "Tristan und Isolde," was at the "springtime of his life as a man." As a matter of fact, Wagner was forty-four when he began to write the poem and before he had written a note of the music, while he was in his forty-seventh year when he brought the third act to a close. The book stands in need of a more careful revision than it has received, or we should not find sentences that contain an idea expressed in almost the same words separated by no more than three pages. But the real point for objection to "Master Singers" lies in the fact that no two people can gather precisely the same meaning through



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brought the third act to a close. The book stands in need of a more careful revision than it has received, or we should not find sentences that contain an idea expressed in almost the same words separated by no more than three pages. But the real point for objection to "Master Singers" lies in the fact that no two people can gather precisely the same meaning through

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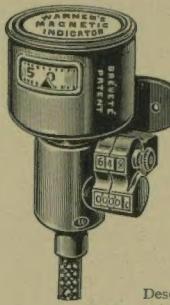
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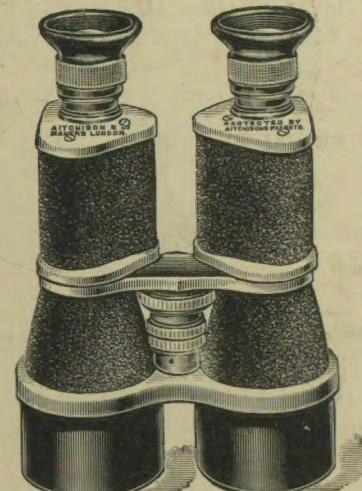
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a succession of notes or a series of modulations, and that this truth is not asserted clearly enough. Every ear will fit its own story to a great master's music, and that story will have been expressed, not according to any programme of the commentators, but out of the experiences, grave or gay, of those who listen. It is perhaps the greatest tribute that we can pay to a master of music to realise that, while he has a message for one and all, he speaks in different words to each. To be sure, the author expresses the truth that his is no more than a personal impression, in a postscript; but it stands there as a sort of after-thought; we should have been better pleased to see it in the preface. The papers that are new to the second edition are of more serious interest than the rest, those dealing with "Café Music" and "The Old Cathedral Organists" being of special worth.

The two great concerts of the passing week have been given at the Queen's Hall, where, too late for detailed notice here, M. Colonne has guided the London Symphony Orchestra through a programme including Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain." For Saturday last Mr. Henry Wood had arranged so many attractions that every seat was sold some days before the concert took place. In the first place, the Leeds Choral Union had been engaged, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony selected for performance. Then Dr. Richard Strauss had supplied a novelty, and the composer of "Taillefer" has a very considerable following. A large gathering was inevitable. We hope next week to suggest the place in his work to which Dr. Strauss's "Taillefer" belongs.

The full programme of the opera season is now published. In twelve weeks twenty-six operas are to be mounted, and additional novelties are hinted at. We are to hear Gluck's "Armide," Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame," Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," and Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin." The season will open on Thursday, May 3, and close on Thursday, July 26, and the conductors will be Dr. Richter (for German opera), Signor Campinini, and M. Messager. The sopranis engaged include Mesdames Destinn, Donalda, Giachetti, and Melba; the tenors, Caruso, Dognies, John Harrison, Conrad, and Burrian. The bassos and baritones include Battistini, who made such a great sensation last season, and old favourites like Gilibert, Journet, Sammarco, and Scotti. If proof be wanted of the interest taken in the forthcoming "Ring" Cycles at Covent Garden, it is to be found in the fact that parts of the house are already sold out.

At the Crystal Palace a series of four special Saturday afternoon concerts will be given in March. The London Symphony Orchestra played at Sydenham on Saturday last, and will return on the 31st.

In "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" at the Duke of York's Theatre, Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, W., have furnished the hall scene, which is full of cheery colour and brightness. The firm has also arranged the Hon. Jimmy Keppel's flat in the same play.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

"I WISH," said Dr. Winnington-Ingram in his first mission sermon for the present year, "to be a true shepherd of this diocese, and not a highly-placed official. I have added this work to the almost overwhelming burden of official duty, because I want to be the chief



THE KAISER'S SILVER-WEDDING PRESENT FROM HIS BRITISH REGIMENT.

A solid silver model of an officer of the Royal Dragoons in full-dress uniform, mounted upon a charger, was presented by the Royal Dragoons to their Colonel-in-Chief, the German Emperor, on the occasion of his silver wedding. The statuette was modelled and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

missioner of London." The Bishop has already expressed the hope that next year he may conduct a series of Lenten services in East London.

The annual meeting of the East London Church Fund will be held at the Mansion House on March 19. It is now twenty-five years since the first Mansion House

gathering in aid of the fund was held on June 18, 1880. Grants are now given to 409 clerical and lay workers in 170 parishes. The total contributions since 1880 have amounted to £401,082, and those of 1905, the silver anniversary, to £20,974, only a few pounds less than the £21,000 for which an appeal was made.

The Bishop of Worcester is conducting a peripatetic mission in the rural part of his diocese. It is said that many of the villages have not received any such visits from their Bishop within the memory of the inhabitants. On Good Friday the Bishop will preach at Malvern, and he proposes to spend Easter at Coventry.

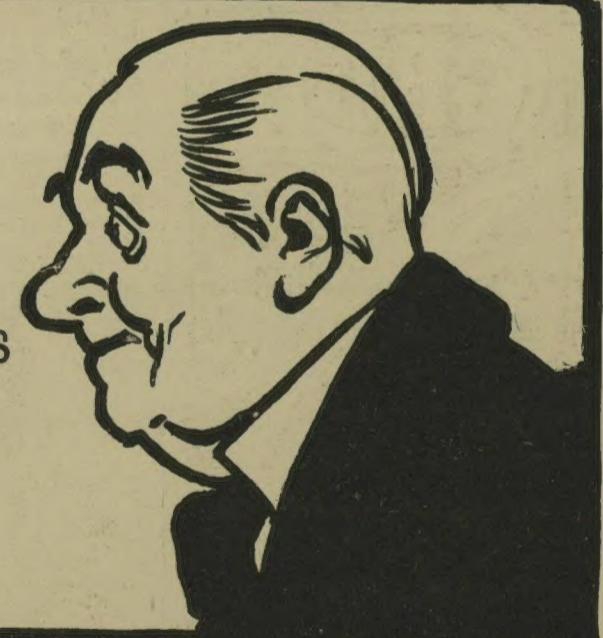
The Bishop of Ely will remove before Easter to the palace in his cathedral city. Writing in his diocesan magazine, he mentions the ancient custom, "dating, at least, as far back as the days of St. John Chrysostom, that a Bishop should preface his sermon with the words, 'Peace be to you all,' and that the people should answer, 'And with thy spirit.' This mutual greeting," adds the Bishop, "seems to me full of meaning. I propose to adopt this custom generally."

The chancel and the historic east window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, have now been completely restored. The window was taken out in small sections, and re-leaded, cleaned, and varnished. It was made originally by order of the magistrates of Dordrecht, in Holland, and was intended as a present to King Henry VII. for his new chapel in Westminster Abbey. The King died before it was completed, and the window was set up in the chapel of the Abbot of Waltham. It was purchased for St. Margaret's in 1758. V.

The Minister of Finance of the French Republic has conferred a signal honour on a well-known British firm, the Ardath Tobacco Company of London, by appointing them to be purveyors to the French Tobacco Régie. The appointment is made on account of the excellence and unique qualities of the productions of the company.

At the annual general meeting (twenty-eighth in number) of the "Sanitas" Company, Limited, held at Locksley Street, Limehouse, London, E., on Thursday, the 1st inst., Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., presiding, the chairman stated that the sales for the year 1905 slightly exceeded those of the best previous year, although the high prices of raw materials and some unusual expenses which would not recur had somewhat diminished the profits. The business was, however, in a thoroughly satisfactory condition, and after making provision for depreciation and certain expenses incurred to date in connection with the partial removal of the business from Bethnal Green to their new freehold premises at Limehouse, the profits allowed of the usual final dividend and bonus, making a total distribution for the year of 7½ per cent. This distribution is the same as paid since the reconstruction of the company in 1898.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Sept. 25, 1905) of SIR HENRY WIGGIN, BART., of Metchley Grange, Harborne, Staffordshire, who died on Nov. 12, has been proved by Sir Henry Arthur Wiggin, Bart., and Alfred Harold Wiggin, the sons, the value of the real and personal estate being £271,660. The testator gives £9000 to his son Walter William; £8000 to his son Edgar Ashin; £2000 to his son Alfred Harold; £1000, the furniture and household effects, and the income from £50,000 to his wife, Dame Mary Elizabeth Wiggin; £10,000 to and £10,000 in trust for his daughter Mary Elizabeth Lawrence; £10,000 to and £15,000 in trust for his daughter Ethel M. Fancourt; £1000 to his son-in-law, Colonel Richard Lawrence; £150 each to the Royal Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the General Institution for the Blind, Birmingham; £500 each to the General Hospital and the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham; £250 each to the Birmingham and Midland Free Hospital and the Royal Orthopaedic and Spinal Hospital, Birmingham; and £100 each to the Sheffield Infirmary, the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and the Hospital for Incurables, Leamington, and the Blue-Coat School and the Graham Street School, Birmingham. On the decease of Lady Wiggin, £50,000 is to be divided among his children, Walter William, Edgar

Ashin, Alfred Harold, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Fancourt. All other his property he leaves to his sons.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1900) of MR. JOSEPH DAVIS, of 38, Bloomsbury Street, who died on Jan. 13, has been proved by Mr. David Lewis Isaacs, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £21,464. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his two daughters, Hannah Isaacs and Amelia Levy, but he expresses a wish that they would allow his son Louis £104 a year.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1902), with two codicils, of the RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD THORNTON, P.C., G.C.B., of 5, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, late Ambassador at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 22 by Algernon Osmond Miles and Arthur Ernest Oram, the value of the property being £30,822. Sir Edward appoints his grandson Edward to succeed to the estate of Terras Novas do Patriarcal, on the banks of the Tagus, granted to his father by King John of Portugal for three lives. He gives £500 each to his daughters and £500 and the income from his residuary estate to his wife. Subject thereto, he leaves one fifth thereof to his grandchildren Edward and Mary Irene, and two fifths, in trust, for each of his daughters, Mary Grace and Frances Evelyn.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1904), with two codicils, of MR. JAMES RUSSELL CHIBNALL, of Rothbury House, Chiswick Mall, Chairman of Chibnall's Bakeries, Limited,

who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 22 by Mrs. Henrietta Creemer Chibnall, the widow, Henry Thomas Jackson, and John Nibley Hare, the value of the estate amounting to £51,976. After stating that he had given his son George William £21,000, he bequeaths to his wife £1100, furniture to the value of £300, and the income, during widowhood, of certain house property; to his daughter Emily Lavinia Herridge 1000 ordinary and 390 preference shares in Chibnall's Bakeries and houses in Hammersmith; to his daughters Anne Tamar Homan and Katharine Maud Richardson 1000 ordinary and 220 preference shares each, and other house property; in trust for his son, Herbert Barber, 1000 ordinary and 220 preference shares, and certain shops and houses; and other legacies. The residuc of his property he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Herridge, Mrs. Homan, and Mrs. Richardson, and his son Herbert Barber.

The will of MISS LAWSON, of Arkleby Hall, Aspatria (sister of Sir Wilfrid Lawson), who died on Feb. 17, contains numerous bequests to servants and the following charitable legacies: £1000 to the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle; £1000 to the London Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road; £1000 to the Royal National Life-boat Institution; £1000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £250 to the United Kingdom Alliance; £250 to the National Refugees for Homeless and Destitute Children; £250 to the Anti-Vivisection Society—all free of duty.



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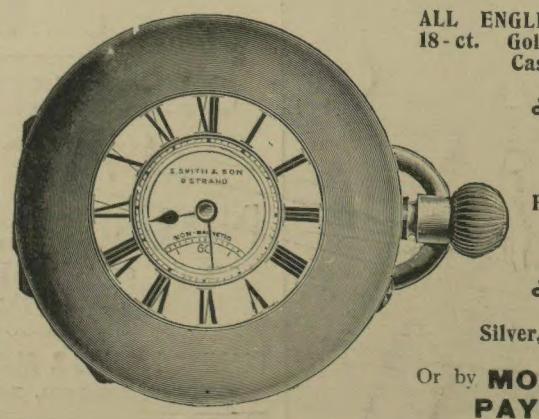
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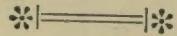
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